

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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13 MEN NEARING THE TOP OF THE WORLD

WHY THE FISH DIED IN THE WYE STRANGE STORY OF SALMON

Queer Effect of the Glorious
Summer Weather

WHAT A FISH CAN STAND

By Our Natural Historian

A strange story comes from the River Wye, famous for its salmon fishery.

The great shortage of rain throughout May, followed by sixteen days of absolute drought, with blazing sunshine throughout the long days, led to what is said to have been the astonishing temperature of 70 degrees in the water of the river.

Salmon, which return from the sea at any time of the year to lay their eggs in the upward river waters where they were born, were swimming up to the Wye nurseries during this spell of excessive heat, and they suffered severely as a result.

Fish in Hot Water

A wave of death struck the incoming shoals, home from sea-feeding. Salmon died right and left, not, we are assured, on account of insufficiency of water, but owing to that amazing and unusual river temperature.

If it be true that the heat actually reached that height in the Wye we ought not to be surprised at the casualties among the salmon, for the conditions were such as Nature intended no British salmon to encounter. They can endure a temperature which is little above freezing point, but 70 degrees suggests the fantastic life of a river in the tropics, which our silvery beauties are unfit to challenge.

So sudden a departure from normal circumstances seems more than they can survive. Man, the most adaptable of living creatures, dies in excessive heat, and salmon are far less able to face rapid alterations in the medium which is life to them.

Myriads of Casualties

Of course it is possible that other causes may have affected these Wye salmon. After the long migration up the river, after the battles that take place when positions for the eggs are being chosen, after the prolonged starvation of the journey—for adult salmon do not feed in the rivers—many ailments are fatal to the fish: accidents, epidemics, death from mere exhaustion. It is well to remember this in case the hot-river theory should be incorrect.

Then, having noted that a man is fitted to bear more drastic variations in temperature than an average individual fish, let us remember that the fish family, as a whole, can surmount greater seeming impossibilities in this direction than the human family as a whole. One fish alone can eclipse us. The common goldfish is unharmed by being frozen practically solid, and thrives in tanks and

Better Than Politics



During his holiday in Wales the Prime Minister went for a picnic in the mountains, and our photographer managed to obtain this interesting snapshot of him sitting on the grass with his little granddaughter Valerie, both trying to forget for a time the affairs of State

pools into which boiling water flows. No man could endure contrasts such as that, and very few kinds of fish can.

On the contrary, thousands of fish have died in the Thames through catching cold! Frigid flood water poured in from sluices near which they were massed to feed; there were no prudent mothers by to prescribe hot bottles and warm gruel, so the little sufferers shivered, shuddered, turned over on their pretty backs, and died.

The lowly tile-fishes of the Atlantic coast of North America did the same thing a few years ago, when a great icy current from the Arctic reached their waters; and sailormen, following their lawful calling, steamed for miles through a sea strewn with myriads of dead tile-fish. Only now are those stricken waters beginning to re-stock from far natural reserves with fresh tile-fish cohorts.

Not that we have no cold-water fish. The icy depth of the sea has its family of creatures which flourish in cheerless and unsunned gloom five miles down; Antarctic and Arctic waters have their fish right up to the point at which water is almost ice. In fact it is amazing

that any living creatures can pass the whole of their days in waters as cold as these and yet retain their life and warmth.

At the other end of the thermometer, in water hot as a tropical summer can make it, we have fishes whose happiness mounts with the mercury. The climbing perch sports cheerily in tanks where the sun lifts the water into the air as vapour, and goes to sleep in the mud that lies at the bottom.

The lung fish swims and breathes water as long as water remains, then, when a pool degenerates into a mud-hole, creates a great winding-sheet of slime, claps its tail over its mouth, makes a hole through its hardening vesture of slime, breathes air through that, and sleeps the woeful warmth away in peace.

One fish may not be able to box the compass and accommodate itself to all temperatures from frigid to torrid, but the family is distributed throughout all the ranges which climate embraces; and, though salmon may die at 70 degrees, it is certain that Nature could people such a stream with fish which would find the conditions luxurious.

HEAT WAVE STOPS OUR TRAINS

TWISTING THE LINES

What Is It that Happens to the
Steel Highway?

RAILWAYS THAT GROW LONGER

By a Scientific Correspondent

During the recent heat wave a curious effect was produced on some of the steel rails of the railway lines.

On the Great Western main line between Totnes and Plymouth the heat expanded lengths of the rails so greatly that the little gaps which are left between the sections of rails as they are laid down were more than filled up by the expansion of the steel; and in consequence several lengths pushed others out of position, twisting and distorting the line so much that trains were quite unable to run on it.

Bridge Grows Larger and Smaller

The expansion and contraction of steel rails or of large iron and steel structures, when subjected to extremes of heat or cold, is well recognised.

The great tubular iron bridge which spans the Menai Straits between the Isle of Anglesey and North Wales expands and contracts several feet, and special arrangements for bolting the iron plates are made to allow for it. There is also a dial which registers the amount of lengthening or shortening, and it is sensitive enough to show a shortening of the bridge when a cloud floats over the sun and reduces the heat beating down on it.

Cold, or loss of heat, has sometimes, though rarely, produced accidents on railways because the contraction has shortened iron connections between signals or points, dragging down signals when they should have indicated danger or disturbing the points where rails join.

Mystery of Heat

Although science has been studying heat for much longer than a hundred years, we cannot say quite positively what is happening when heat flows into iron and steel or out of them. The eighteenth-century philosophers used to say that heat was a subtle elastic fluid, weighing nothing, which permeated all kinds of matter; and filled up the spaces between the smallest invisible fragments of matter, the molecules. The nineteenth century showed that such an idea would not do, but that heat must be caused by the molecules hitting against one another faster and faster, and that when heat left a body it flowed away from it in waves, just as it flowed into it in waves. In short, heat was not a substance, but energy or motion.

But even now the vibrations and collisions of molecules will not altogether explain heat. If it flows in waves, as electricity does, what carries it? It will flow even when there is no air to carry it. Perhaps there are atoms of heat, as there are atoms of electricity.

MONEY AND PEACE WORLD CONFERENCE BREAKS DOWN

Can the Huge German
Indemnity be Paid?

WHAT THE BANKERS SAY

The Versailles Treaty was supposed to end the war. It did not, however, bring peace.

The return to stable and secure conditions of life, to prosperous industry, to flourishing trade, which everyone hoped would follow quickly on the close of hostilities, has not been secured yet. Now it is the Treaty itself which, according to the world's most famous experts in finance, makes real peace impossible.

A number of the leading bankers of all countries met in Paris; they had been invited to recommend what could be done to help Germany through its difficulties. Until Germany recovers, it has now been recognised, the trade system of Europe cannot work properly.

The bankers, with Mr. Pierpont Morgan at their head, decided that nothing useful could be done while the Germans had an enormous claim outstanding against them for what are called Reparations. They suggested that this claim had better be reduced to a reasonable amount.

Already it has been almost cut in half. At first eleven thousand million pounds sterling were demanded. That was revised to £6,600,000,000. This, however, in the bankers' opinion, is far more than Germany can pay.

But in France there is still a hope that the Germans will be made to pay this sum, and French politicians will not agree to any further diminution of the German war bill. M. Poincaré, the Premier, declined to discuss the bankers' proposal, and the prospects of a loan have fallen through.

WATER CRISIS

Precious Liquid We Cannot Do Without FLOWERS AND FAMINE

It is as hard for some people to see flowers droop and not give them water as it is to look on while children ail without trying to make them better.

After a hot day the flower-beds seem to cry out for refreshing draughts from the watering-can, and the parched lawn asks pathetically for the hose.

This accounts for the alarming increase in the amount of water used in London during the hot weather between five and nine o'clock in the evening.

On one specially sultry day the average quantity consumed—250 million gallons—was exceeded by 55 million gallons. Thus London poured away more than one-fifth of its usual allowance upon extra baths, extra watering in gardens, and perhaps extra glasses of water and cups of tea.

Once more, in view of this dangerous waste of the precious liquid we cannot live without, warnings have been given to use no more than is necessary, for the dry spring has brought the peril of a water shortage into sight once more.

Anyone who lets water run away carelessly, soaks a lawn, or regularly waters flower-beds, is behaving selfishly and like a bad citizen. It may be necessary before the summer is much farther advanced to punish such disregard of the general interest; but it would be a sorry comment on our civilisation if only the law could stop such damage to the common weal.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aristoteles Ar-is-to-tel-leez
Dettingen Det-ting-en
Dinosaur Di-no-sawr
Dukhobors Du-ko-bors
Oberammergau O-ber-ahm-mer-gow

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD PEACE MESSAGE FLUNG THROUGH SPACE

Fine Birthday Idea for the
League of Nations

WHAT WALES WILL DO

If the world is to be made a better place to live in, the change must be the work of those who are now children. Nor need they wait until they are grown up. They can influence the rulers of the nations; they can make their opinions and their wishes felt.

The boys and girls of Wales are going to do this in a spirited and very valuable way on June 28, the fourth birthday of the Covenant of the League of Nations signed in 1919. They are going to send out to all the wireless stations in the world from the great instruments at Carnarvon, "Greeting with a cheer to the boys and girls of every other country under the sun."

"Will you," they ask, "join in our little prayer that God will bless the efforts of the good men and women of every race, and bless people who are doing their best to settle the old quarrels without fighting?"

Three Cheers for the League

"Then there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and kill one another."

Then the message calls for "Three cheers for the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Friend of every Mother, the Protector of every Home, Guardian Angel of the youth of the World."

In all the day schools and Sunday schools of Wales this message has been read out to children, and they have been asked if they wish it to be sent.

The Secretary of the conference at which it was resolved to send out this wireless message writes to the Editor: "At the inaugural session of the conference I was asked to convey to the Editor of the C.N. the warm greetings of the members and the sincere gratitude which was felt in Wales for the magnificent work done by you for the growing generation. The name of Arthur Mee was received with applause, spontaneous and enthusiastic."

£30,000 FOR SHAKESPEARE

Splendid Theatre Saved

WHAT IS THE OLD VIC?

Many people have asked "What is the old Vic?" during the past two or three years when they have seen these words in the paper or heard people talking about theatrical performances at the Old Vic.

It is the pet name for the Royal Victoria Hall, an old building near Waterloo Station in London, where excellent performances of Shakespeare's plays are given, as well as opera and a few other famous works.

The Old Vic is the nearest approach to a National Theatre that this country has yet made, and its work has been warmly praised by all who believe in the good influence of noble drama. Lately it has been threatened with serious money troubles. Alterations were called for by the London County Council, and an effort was immediately made to collect £30,000.

Only about £6000 had been raised when it was announced that one generous admirer of the theatre had given the whole amount required.

Now, fortunately, there can be no question of its fine Shakespearian productions being stopped.

SOMETHING FINE AND TRUE An Engine-Driver's Golden Deed

NEVER BEFORE DONE IN HISTORY

We are always hearing of heroic actions by the men who run our railways, and now from America comes the story of Engineer John J. Cotter, who literally snatched a little girl from under the wheels of his own engine.

Cotter was steaming into the outskirts of New York with a goods train when he saw the girl playing on the permanent way ahead of him. He threw on all his brakes, but with his years of experience he realised that he could not pull up his train in time.

Quicker than it takes to tell, he leaped through the front window of his cab, flung himself along the side of his engine, and reached the cowcatcher just in time to seize the child before the huge engine could run over her.

American railroadmen say that this has never been done before in history.

THE HORROR MUSEUM Business Men Demand Its Abolition WASTING OUR MONEY

What the C.N. and The Times have said about the War Museum has been said in other words by the business men of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce.

Our proposal was that the museum should be taken out into the Atlantic and dropped overboard. The men who represent the trade of Liverpool say, "It ought to be discontinued."

Their opinion, put on record in a resolution, is that the War Museum does not fulfil any useful purpose, whether educational or otherwise, and, as they are informed that this museum is costing the Treasury (which means the taxpayers) a large sum every year, which can ill be spared in the present financial position, it ought not to be allowed to be a useless expense any longer.

While the members of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce do not so boldly advocate the discontinuance of this dismal record of war horrors, they have shown plainly enough that they are doubtful about the need for it. They passed a resolution which said that if the Government desire to continue the museum they are strongly against housing it in the Imperial Institute.

Much virtue in that if of the cautious Glasgow business men!

LOCAL BODY'S DESPAIR Burden Too Heavy to be Borne

The burden of rates continues to press very heavily upon the nation. Added to the taxes fixed by Parliament, these local taxes raised and spent by District and Borough and County Councils, are, in many neighbourhoods, more than the inhabitants can bear.

The Poplar councillors went to prison over a dispute concerning rates; many Councils have been forced to cut down their expenditure by leaving undone work of public necessity. Now a District Council in Monmouthshire has resolved to stop all its activities, give all its employees notice, and throw upon the Government the task of doing what cannot be left undone in the Nantyglo and Blaonia area.

Rates in this area had been increased by almost one-half, and three-fourths of the workers included in it had been unemployed for more than a year past—these are mostly miners. The people had not enough money for food, one of the town councillors declared; they certainly could not pay high rates.

OUT OF THE GLOOM OF THE JUNGLE

ANIMAL LIFE ADVANCES

A Thrilling Chapter from the
Day-Book of the Rubber Forests

NATURE'S WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

The tiger is in the world news again. There is a story of an appalling adventure with one in the wilds of Africa, but as there are no tigers in that continent the story does not matter. But there are tigers in the East, and there they matter very much indeed.

In the old days they used to raid the caravans carrying coffee from the interior to the coast of the islands in the Indian Archipelago, and make us short for breakfast in England. Now they are threatening the tyres of our motor-cars and bicycles.

It is a curious tale. Eighteen months ago the Governor of Sumatra ordained that no more tigers should be killed in the island, because, owing to the decrease in the numbers of these animals, wild boars, the natural prey of the tiger, were increasing so rapidly as to threaten the extinction of the oil palm trees which yield Sumatra a considerable share of her revenue. Whether a similar order has been applied to Penang we are not told, but there the very reverse of the picture is revealed.

The Tiger Follows the Deer

A severe wave of depression in world trade has so affected the rubber industry that output has had to be restricted on the plantations. Fewer coolies have been needed to work in the estates, and the outcome is that the jungle from which the plantations were formed has advanced to regain its own, to call the tamed lands back to their primeval wildness. Animal life has advanced out of the gloom of the jungle to raid the estates on which the rubber growers have lavished labour and capital.

The rubber plants, a new product in the East, prove a tempting food for deer, which have marched from the untouched wilderness to devour these luscious growths transported from the other side of the world. And in the wake of the deer go the kings of the jungle, the tigers!

Good Servant, Bad Master

It is rubber plants for the deer; it is deer for the tigers; and man, the cultivator of the plants, sees his property disappearing before his eyes and himself threatened with death from the mighty cats if he dares to interfere.

The tiger as a pig-eater may possibly be a good friend in Sumatra; as a snapper-up of human beings he is certainly a bad master in Penang, where cultivation, directly damaged by the vegetable feeders, is indirectly threatened with ruin by the flesh-eaters that hold the cultivators at bay while the damage is being done.

The wheels within wheels in Nature's machine are marvellously complex, and we can never predict the result of the introduction or removal of a cog.

Law of the Jungle

They took mongooses to Trinidad to kill rats, and the mongooses destroyed practically everything, especially a local race of lizards which fed mainly on frog-hoppers. The mongooses themselves became a costly plague, but the damage is done; the lizards vanished, the frog-hoppers thrived, and now they destroy half the sugar canes of Trinidad.

The organisation of affairs in Nature's immense army is more intricate than the scheme of any human army ever mobilised, and those who clamour for the temporary closing down of rubber estates in the East will do well to be mindful of the law of the jungle and its tribes, whose tide turns and advances upon civilisation the moment civilisation ceases to advance upon the jungle. See World Map

LOOKING FOR THINGS NOT LOST

EUCLID AND HIS BOOKS
A Queer Error That is Often Made

WHAT LIES UNKNOWN IN CONSTANTINOPLE?

Scholars are urging that while Constantinople is under the control of the Allies its archives should be thoroughly searched for literary treasures, many of which might be found in its underground chambers.

There is a great empty reservoir underneath the mosque of San Sophia which has not been searched for many centuries, and in this, quite probably, there are many treasures, literary and otherwise, that should be brought into the light of day.

Dr. Wallis Budge, of the British Museum, while not venturing to suggest what literary works might be found, thinks it would be well to examine the libraries of the Greek and Armenian churches in Constantinople.

Legend of the Lost Books

One grown-up paper makes a very amusing statement. It gravely informs us that "the lost books of Euclid may come to light," and suggests that if they do they may confute the theories of Einstein.

Of course, every schoolboy knows the legend of how Euclid's wife, in a fit of temper, burned some of his writings; and the story sometimes goes on to explain that this is why Euclid's Elements of Geometry contains only the first six books with books eleven and twelve.

But, unfortunately for the story and for the grown-up paper, the other books are not missing at all, and never have been. Somebody at some time or other must have thought it was a good joke to say the books omitted from our usual school Euclids were lost, and the joke has gone on till now.

Treasures That May Come to Light

In most of our English editions of Euclid only books 1 to 6 with 11 and 12 are printed, the others being left out of the Geometry because they deal chiefly with arithmetic. But we have them all, and they have been translated into English and can be read by those who wish to read them. Altogether there are 13 books in Euclid's Elements, and two extra books by other writers are sometimes added, making 15.

But, apart from Euclid, a thorough search in Constantinople may bring to light many rare treasures, and even some of Paul's original letters may be preserved. Constantine founded a big library there, and his successors added to it, and, although much of it was afterwards destroyed, it is quite likely that many of its choice treasures have survived to our day.

WHEN THE MILK BOILS

How the Bell Rings

The quantity of milk lost, spoiled, and burned by allowing it to boil over must amount to a serious percentage of the total supply of one of the most valuable of all foods. A new invention will save such waste wherever it is used.

The instrument comprises a bell gong fitted at the top of a tube containing a composition which melts at a temperature equal to the scalding point of milk. The striker is on the end of a lever on which a pawl is also fitted. In the tube is a small shaft with a ratchet wheel.

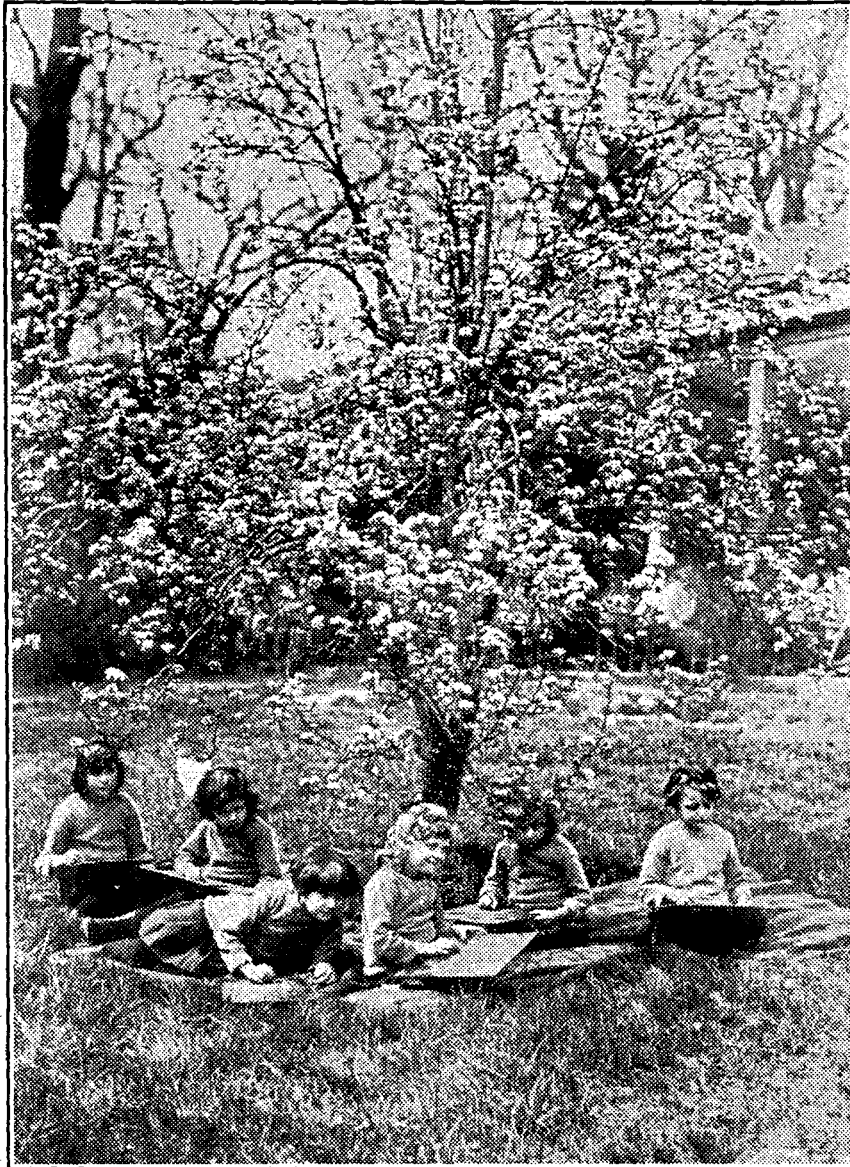
When the instrument is not in use the fusible composition is hard, and binds the ratchet wheel shaft so that the wheel cannot turn. To set the bell the striker lever is moved until the pawl engages the ratchet wheel.

The tube is then placed in the saucepan with the milk and when the milk reaches scalding point the fusible composition softens, the ratchet wheel moves, and a spring sets the bell ringing.

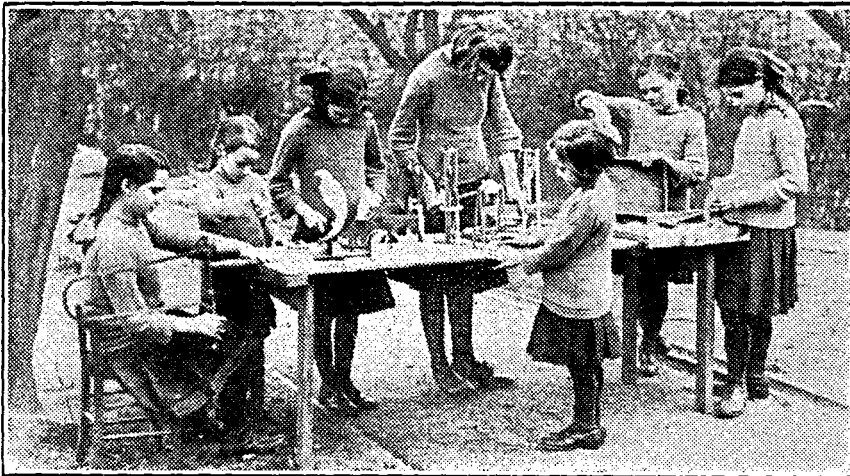
AT SCHOOL IN THE SUNSHINE



A natural history lesson on common objects of the pond



Drawing from Nature in the open air



An out-of-door toy-making class

The open-air school, where children can learn their lessons under the blue sky with the sun shining all round them, is becoming more and more popular. These pictures, taken in the grounds of an open-air school at Heaton Mersey, Manchester, show the beautiful surroundings amid which the children work.

MOST WONDERFUL PLAY

WHY OBERAMMERGAU IS FAMOUS

Scenes in the Life of Jesus
Performed in a Village

ACTORS CHOSEN FOR GOOD CHARACTER

The Passion Play of Oberammergau began in war-time.

Three hundred years ago Europe was in the throes of the Thirty Years War. Thousands of lives were lost, and towns and homes were destroyed far and wide. Nearly every European country was involved, and perhaps the fiercest fighting took place in Bavaria. Belgium did not suffer more deeply in the Great War than Bavaria did three centuries ago. For thirty years armies crossed and recrossed her territories. For a quarter of a century there was not a single good harvest. The people suffered from disease, starvation, and the sword.

Then, as now, disease followed in the wake of war. Typhus and plague took a heavy toll of life; and in 1633 the little town of Oberammergau was threatened by plague.

How the Passion Play Began

A great part of its population had already been wiped out by starvation and the sword; now plague stood at their door. As a last resort the villagers vowed that if they were spared the plague they would, every tenth year, perform in public the Passion of the Lord. In this way the Passion Play began, and through three centuries it has continued.

It was last performed in 1910. On account of the war the performance due in 1920 was held over till the present year, and once again people have gathered in the little Bavarian town from every part of Christendom to witness it.

All the players are amateurs. One is a potter, another a carpenter, another a weaver. They join in it as an act of worship. It is religious drama of the best kind, and the whole town has a share in its production.

Great Story in Simple Words

The words used are a retelling in simple language of the chief events in the last week of our Lord's life. It is said that the monks of Ettal first wrote them, but no one knows. The original music, revised a century ago by the son of the village innkeeper, also comes from some ancient and unknown source.

The costumes and stage properties are made by the people themselves. The actors, singers, and instrumentalists are villagers who for nine years follow their simple occupations, but every tenth year give up a good deal of their time to prepare for the play.

No professionals are brought in to give advice. All are instructed by the village pastor. They use no make-up. If a beard is necessary for a character the player must grow one.

A Thousand Players

The actors are chosen by a system of voting, and as there are nearly a thousand players the selection is not easy. The players are chosen not merely because they can act, but because of their character and daily influence.

For the third time Anton Lang, the village potter, is taking the part of Christ. His selection once again is due to his striking likeness to the traditional picture of Christ.

Many tempting offers have been made to the Oberammergau players to produce the play in great cities, but always they have refused to risk vulgarising what to them is a sacred thing. It is just a religious performance by the whole village, in a great open-air theatre seating 6000 people. It takes nine hours, and none who sees it can ever forget the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

WORLD'S ROAD TO RUIN

ASTOUNDING WAR COST FIGURES

More Money Spent in Six Years Than in Centuries Before

A FACT FOR EVERY TAXPAYER

By Our Economic Correspondent

An American financier, Mr. Harvey E. Fisk, has written an interesting book on English Public Finance, in which he makes a most astonishing calculation.

It is one that can be easily remembered, and it ought to be borne in mind by every citizen of a world in which there are still people who talk of the possibility of more wars.

Mr. Fisk has taken the trouble to work out how much was spent by the British Government in the 225 years down to 1914, and to compare that sum with the Government expenditure in the six years before 1920; and this is what he makes of it.

An Amazing Comparison

226 years	£10,944 millions
6 years	£11,268 millions

So that in the six years we spent more than in the 226 years by 324 million pounds!

We see that between the Revolution of 1688, when James II fled and William of Orange came to the throne, down to the end of 1914 the British Government spent £10,944,000,000. A big figure, truly, which covered every kind of cost, including expenditure on the great French wars and many minor wars.

Yet in the next six years, 1915 to 1920, we spent no less than £11,268,000,000, or £324,000,000 more than in the previous two and a quarter centuries.

Only part of the enormous costs of the Great War was paid for out of taxes. The Government could not levy taxation for all the money it wanted; the rest it had to borrow at home and abroad. The country is left with a National Debt of nearly 8000 million pounds. About one-ninth of this was borrowed from the United States.

Paying off the Big Debt

It will probably take a whole generation of work and saving to pay off this gigantic indebtedness.

But, of course, the war will never really be paid for. It is not only that the money was spent, but that it was spent on things which were for the most part at once destroyed, or spent on maintaining soldiers and sailors on active service, and thus preventing them from creating wealth. The aeroplanes, ships, guns, rifles, tanks, and other war gear were made only to be destroyed; whereas the same good work that made them might have built up houses, factories, railways, and a thousand other things which at present would be comforting the lives of our people.

Hard Work and Fine Thinking

When we consider this enormous waste, Mr. Fisk's figures become even more significant. The truth is that, while in a generation we may pay off the War Debt—if we stop the War Men making more wars—the war will never really be paid for. Its consequences remain. The nation, in common with every other nation in the world, has been put back as though long years had been lost to mankind. It is a sad but true saying that the lot of millions alive in Europe today is so pitiable in its extremity of suffering that the death of fighting men in the war itself seems almost enviable by comparison.

Hard work and fine thinking are necessary to cope with the evil legacy of the six years in which we spent over 11,000 million pounds. Never was a time when it was more necessary for all parties and races to work in friendship and in harmony to restore civilisation.

A CITY SEIZED THE TROUBLES OF ITALY

Firm Action Against 25,000 Fascisti Men

WHO AND WHAT THEY ARE

Nowhere has the lawlessness which resulted from four years of war been more noticeable than in Italy.

At one time d'Annunzio, the poet, was at the head of an organisation which defied the Government, holding first Trieste and then Fiume by armed force. Now there is an even more powerful body in existence which has been used on many occasions to influence opinion and to settle differences by force.

This body is known as the Fascisti, and it has members in almost all parts of Italy. They are ready to go anywhere or do anything at the order of their chief, a member of Parliament named Mussolini. They have killed a great many people, they have rioted, they have resisted authority, they have terrified large numbers of people into submission to their wishes.

A Nuisance to the Nation

Their most striking exploit, which, however, led to their most signal defeat, occurred at Bologna the other day.

The Prefect of the province of which that city is the capital had forbidden the assembly of armed and organised bodies. Fascisti on the one side and Communists on the other were waging civil war. They fought whenever their forces met, with bombs as well as bludgeons; they were both a nuisance and a danger to the community.

The Prefect's order gave great offence to the rulers of the Fascisti. They resolved to try to turn him out of his office by making it impossible for him to carry on the government of his province. Orders were given for the assembly of 25,000 men of the Fascisti League in the city of Bologna.

They arrived from many different parts of the kingdom, by train, by motor, by the tramways which run through the country districts, or on foot.

Triumph for Law and Order

At the same time the Government sent troops to Bologna, so the place suddenly became overcrowded. These troops kept order fairly well, though they could not prevent the Fascisti from burning Labour Exchanges and holding up the fire brigades that were summoned to put the fires out.

However, the attempt to intimidate the Prefect in Bologna failed utterly. The Prime Minister, Signor Facta, sent for the head of the Fascisti and told him to order his followers to leave the city. This wise firmness had its effect, and the intruders disappeared as quickly as they had come.

FIRST MOSQUE IN THE NEW WORLD

Fine Sanctuary for American Moslems

The first mosque ever built in the Western Hemisphere has just been dedicated at Highland Park, a suburb of Detroit in the United States.

There are thousands of Mohammedans in America, but hitherto they have had no official sanctuary in which to worship. Now a fine building of more or less Saracen design, with two minarets, has been erected for their use, and the mosque has been so arranged that when they are at prayer the worshippers will face Mecca.

Running water is provided, where the worshippers can perform their ceremonial ablutions according to the directions of the Koran; and morning and evening from the minarets goes forth the call to prayer, recited by an imam, "Prayer is better than sleep."

England has a fine mosque at Woking, just outside London, and now a second mosque is to be built on the north side of the Thames. See World Map

BROKEN ON THE GREAT CORAL REEF

TERRIBLE ADVENTURES OF 100 MEN AND BOYS

Ship that Was Broken in Two in a Gale

HEROIC SCENES OFF QUEENSLAND

On the Great Barrier Reef, which extends its coral rocks for many hundreds of miles along the coast of Queensland, Australia, a ship, the Wiltshire, ran ashore in a gale and sent out desperate messages for help.

It was impossible to launch boats; the seas were too heavy. Some of the crew escaped on rafts and got ashore. The rest gathered in the fore part of the ship and waited without much hope for rescue from a position which grew more perilous every hour.

It seemed scarcely possible to hope that the men in the bows, drenched by the huge waves that broke over them, hungry and terribly thirsty and almost exhausted, could by any means be saved. At one period the wireless messages from the ship, which already had its back broken on the terrible reef, ceased for some hours. It was feared that the last had been heard of the trapped crew, a raging sea all around them, and an iron-bound coast with sheer cliffs hundreds of feet high in front.

Clinging to the Rocks

But a vessel named the Katoa achieved what seemed to be the impossible. It sent men round overland, and they clambered down the cliffs so as to reach the lines which the Wiltshire sent ashore.

This was dangerous work; and even more risky was their task when they got down to the beach. They had to lie full length on the rocks, clinging with their fingers and toes so that they should not be washed away by the furious surf, and grab at the lines as they were flung to them.

At last a seaman impatiently stood up, dashed into the surf, caught a line, and brought it safely ashore. As quickly as possible it was taken up the cliff and made fast with an arrangement of pulleys. At first biscuits and bottles of water were sent down to the men in the wreck, then baskets were fixed to the line, and one by one the crew were hauled up.

The ship's boys went first, the officers last; the captain stayed on the fore-castle until everyone else had left. Then he took a last look at his ship, which would soon be smashed to pieces by the great rollers, and was hauled up too.

Thus, by the persistence and pluck of the brave men on board the Katoa, over 100 men and boys were saved from the death which at one time seemed bound to engulf them.

No more exciting tale of the sea has been heard for a long time.

SHACKLETON'S RESTING-PLACE

Developing South Georgia

South Georgia, which a year or two ago was an uninhabited island, is rapidly becoming a place of importance, for it is being developed as one of the most important whaling stations in the Southern Seas.

Already it has a town with a church, an institute, and a policeman; and now an iron foundry is being set up on the island, where castings can be made for necessary repairs to ships that call there and for other purposes in connection with the whaling.

The population of South Georgia is slowly on the increase, and, though few people had ever heard its name a short time ago, it is now quite familiar as the last resting-place of Shackleton.

The new iron foundry, as soon as it gets to work, will be a very great boon to all the ships that ply in those distant waters. See World Map

DO YOU KNOW THESE THINGS? THE MAGAZINE THAT TELLS YOU

C.N. Monthly Gold Mine of Knowledge

WITH A GALLERY OF PICTURES

Can you tell six ways in which the chemist has helped you before you have your breakfast?

And six ways he has helped you while you have your breakfast?

Can you tell six ways in which Nature beats the cleverest chemist every time?

Can you name six valuable discoveries that the chemists will probably be making soon?

All these questions can be answered from the July number of My Magazine.

Was Dick Whittington really a poor lad and friendless?

How did he make and use his money?

These are a few of the hundred questions to which an answer may be found in My Magazine.

Do you know that 2379 feathers have been counted in the structure of a long-tailed tit's nest?

Do you know what the blob of froth on plants called cuckoo-spit really is?

Do you know that worms will break up in worm-casts seven tons of earth on one acre of ground in one year?

Do you know that wasps made paper long before men made it?

Do you know what the gossamer is that often covers the dewy autumn fields in the morning?

These are a few inquiries that may be answered by reading the July number of My Magazine, the monthly companion of the C.N. It has a host of remarkable articles and a splendid gallery of pictures, and there is a notable collection of what are called The Twenty Commandments that must be observed if we would find success and happiness.

Fill up the form on page 10 and the C.N. Monthly will come to you each month.

CELLULOID DANGER Narrow Escape From a Kinema Disaster OPERATOR'S PRESENCE OF MIND

Some day it will be as unlawful to exhibit inflammable films as it is to expose petrol to fire. Until that day comes we must be thankful that the industry provides such ready-minded men as Mr. Harry Taylor of Plumstead, who averted a terrible disaster.

Just before a Saturday afternoon cinema entertainment for young people was about to begin in a Plumstead picture palace, a burst of fire lit up the room in which the films were being re-wound. How fierce and furious are the flames from ignited films many sad examples have taught us.

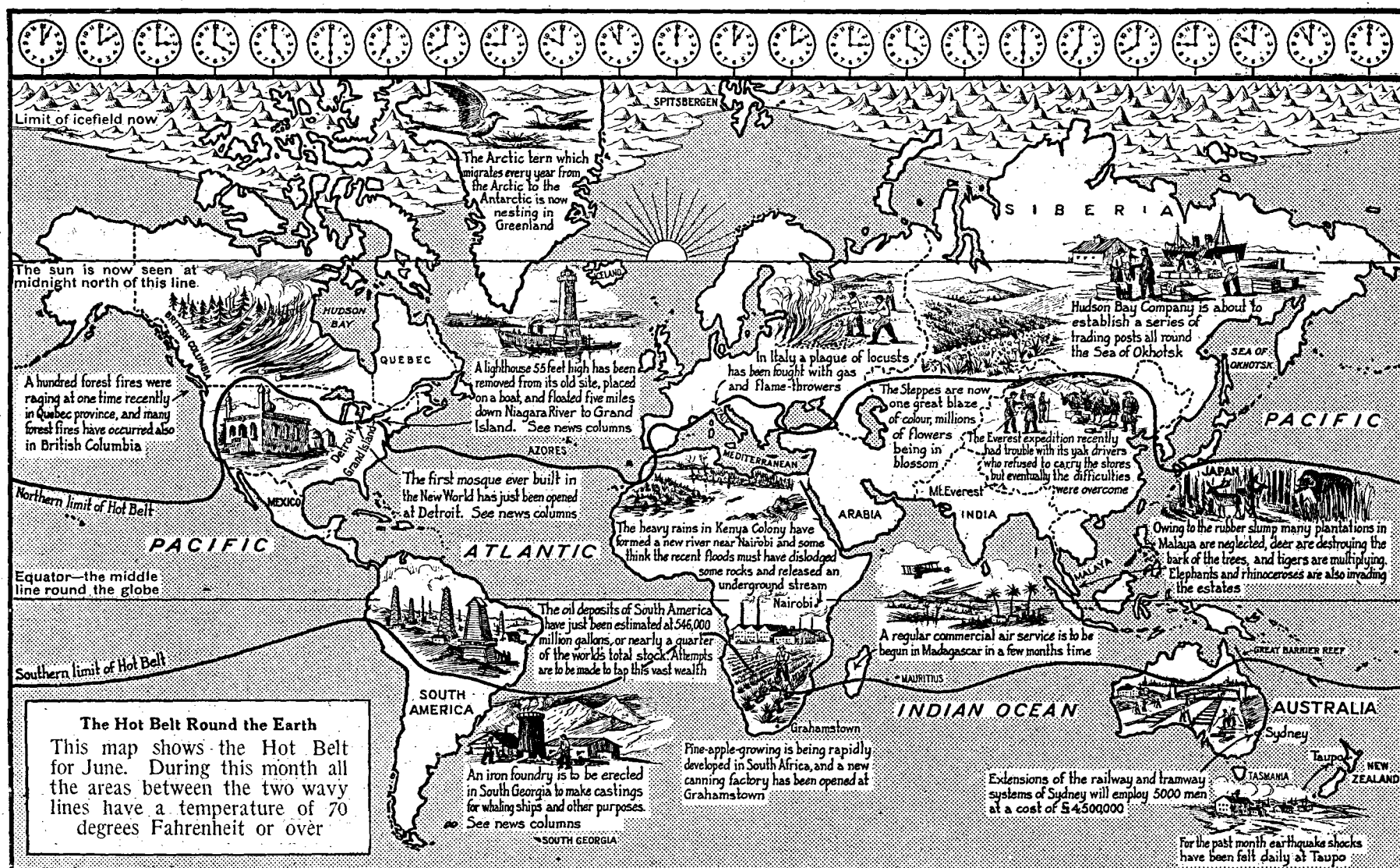
The fireproof shelter which cuts off communication between the operating-room and the theatre was instantly closed, and the fire was for the moment confined to a single chamber. Here Mr. Taylor, who was manipulating the cinema machine, took the blazing film in his hands and darted up a staircase to the roof, where he succeeded in stamping out the fire.

Boys and Girls Line Up

The five hundred youngsters lined up with excellent discipline as an attendant gave the word of command, and all marched out, unscathed, like little soldier men, and in half an hour marched in again to witness an uninterrupted performance. And Mr. Taylor showed the films, for he was unhurt except for a slight singeing of his hair.

The C.N. protests once more against the danger of cinema fires. No inflammable films ought to be tolerated; and the time will come when they will be forbidden. In the meantime we can be grateful to all the Harry Taylors who stand between children and the peril of a substance as dangerous as dynamite.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING THE HOT BELT ROUND THE EARTH



A NEW SIGHT SEEN FROM THE EARTH

Comet 34 Million Miles Off VISITORS WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT

By the C.N. Boy Astronomer

News has come of the discovery of a new comet by M. Skjellerup of the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope.

At the time of discovery the comet was a faint telescopic object near the bright stars Castor and Pollux, in the constellation Gemini. Since then it has moved rapidly across the sky, its position on June 30 being two degrees—four times the breadth of the moon—to the north of the star Beta Bootes, which is shown in any good star-map.

The comet should be visible as a misty patch through quite a small telescope. It passed nearest to the earth in the second week of June, being then rather less than 34 million miles from us.

The astronomers at the Cape Observatory spend a large part of their time in searching for new comets. Reid's Comet, the brightest of last year, was discovered there, as well as a faint comet which was detected early in this year. In spite of the careful watch that is kept on the heavens, however, there must be many comets which enter our system and leave it again without our being in the least aware of their visit.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

South African Frisian heifer	£4515
A yearling Frisian bull	£4095
Three Flemish tapestry panels	£945
A pair of Chinese vases	£173
Two painted Chelsea vases	£168
A French 16th-century cabinet	£105

HOW A WRECKED CREW WAS SAVED

Dog Story from an Island

A fisherman in the island of Alderney was awakened early one morning by the barking of his dog.

He called to it to be quiet, turned over, and tried to get to sleep again. But the dog still barked, and, thinking there must be a stranger about, the fisherman got up and went out.

He found his dog at the edge of the sea, still barking at something that could not be seen because of a thick fog. The fisherman listened, and very soon he realised that a boat was not far off.

The coast is rocky here, and there was danger of a hole being knocked in the bottom of the boat. So he shouted to the crew, and they shouted back, and he told them to stay where they were until he brought a light.

With a lantern he was able to guide them to a place where they could land safely. They were the crew of a barque which had been wrecked.

CLIFF ADVENTURE

A Plucky Welsh Boatman

Walking on the top of the Great Orme, at Llandudno, holiday-makers heard cries for help.

They looked over the edge and saw a man clinging to the cliffs, which have a drop of some 700 feet almost sheer into the sea. He was a long way down, so they shouted to a boatman who was rowing past with a cargo of passengers.

The boatman pulled in close to shore, but found it impossible to effect a rescue without a rope. He shouted up that he would go and fetch one, and bade the man have good courage.

Returning as quickly as he could the boatman clambered up the cliff and reached the man. The rope was tied round his waist, and while the boatman held one end the man scrambled down.

The boatman then had to climb up the cliff, there being no one to hold a rope for him to climb down.

LIGHTHOUSE FLOATS DOWN NIAGARA RIVER

Spectators Amazed at an Engineering Feat

The people living along the banks of the Niagara River were amazed the other day to see a well-known landmark, a lighthouse 55 feet high, floating by.

Never before had such a sight been witnessed, and many of them rubbed their eyes to see if they were really awake.

We have often heard of buildings being moved intact from place to place in America, and the C.N. has given a picture of a whole town shifting its site with the aid of traction engines. But now the engineers have gone one better, and actually moved a lighthouse to a new site several miles from where it formerly stood.

The lighthouse stood on the banks of the Niagara River, and it was thought desirable to have a shining beacon on Grand Island, five miles away. Instead of taking down the lighthouse and rebuilding it on the new site, the engineers jacked it up, placed it on a large, flat-bottomed boat, and towed it down to Grand Island.

There it was put ashore and the foundations consolidated, so that with scarcely any delay it shone out in the new situation. Once more the American engineers have scored a very great triumph.

See World Map

CLINGING TO THE PIER

Three Girls and Their Adventure

Three girls hired a boat at Southend, in Essex, and went for a row. The tide ran strongly, and they felt they were being carried out to sea. In a panic they stood up as they passed under the pier and clutched the iron girders.

Their boat floated away from under them and they were left clinging to the pier.

A number of people on the pier saw them, but just looked on, making no effort to help. It was one of the pier-keepers who climbed over the side and helped them until a boat could come.

A LION TAKES A WALK

Escape from a Circus WILD BEASTS IN THE STREETS OF TOWNS

A week or two ago the news from America brought us a story of adventure which would have rejoiced Tartarin.

At Buffalo, we are told, a lion escaped from a circus during the performance. The cook of the establishment, turning tamer, seized it by its tail, only to be dragged along a few yards by the great beast before he let go.

The lion, quietly leaving the circus grounds, scoured the town, spreading terror, till at last cowboys caught him with a lasso, tied him up on an elephant's back, and took him home.

The same day, at Poughkeepsie, a black bear of the zoo also played truant and terrified children and grown-ups. His guardian, easily caught him—just when the animal was about to treat himself to an extra good dinner by breaking open the door of the pheasant run!

Cases of wild beasts escaping from their prisons are not infrequent, but happily they never end tragically.

All famous tamers have had to help reluctant captives into their cages. In France a favourite tamer once saw his famous tiger Atyr enjoy a walk in the very heart of Paris. Pictures of the time show Atyr quietly gazing at a policeman, who beat a safe retreat under the pretence of protecting the crowd.

Fifteen years ago a bear of the Darius Menagerie in Paris, taking advantage of his keeper's absence, set out for a walk through the town. The bear met a donkey cart on his way, and, jumping at the donkey, strangled him.

The lion of Buffalo was more friendly. He scoured the streets of the town as a well-brought-up tourist, leaping hither and thither, probably very surprised at the excitement caused by his stroll.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 24 1922

Behind the Name

WHEN a country is in a disturbed state the police have power to stop any man about whose intentions they are suspicious and to go through his pockets.

It is not a pleasant experience for an honest man, but if great numbers of people are living loosely it is a necessary and useful power for those who are responsible for law and order.

Now, if living loosely is dangerous, so also is thinking loosely, indeed it can be more dangerous, for all wrong actions proceed from wrong thinking. Therefore it is a useful thing in times of loose thinking to instruct our inward policeman, the Reason, to stop any word it finds moving about the mind and to go through its meaning. The lives of many people are entirely ruled by words or phrases, and words or phrases borrowed from somebody else, never examined, never understood. This is a highly dangerous state of things.

An excellent illustration of the way in which words take possession of the mind was pointed out the other day by a professor of Columbia University. He was speaking of the luxuries which come to Europe from Asia, and among these luxuries he mentioned rubber.

Rubber first came to us, he said, as a dodge for removing pencil-marks, hence its name. But now we use this stuff for the wheels of motor-cars and bicycles, for springs and shock-absorbers, for pavements and goloshes, yet it still retains its old name. And because we call it by this absurd name we miss its mystery.

Rubber is a liquid. It moves about in trees and plants, and has a life of its own. Extracted and treated by man, it behaves in a most extraordinary manner. Stretch it and put it in cold water, and it loses its elasticity; immerse it in warm water, and it regains it. It can be pinched and punched into almost any shape, but will always return to its own. It becomes brittle when subjected to great cold; it becomes a lifeless mass when subjected to great heat. Finally, it can be ignited, when it throws off a powerful gas of considerable illuminating power.

To call such a strange thing as this by the name of rubber, is clearly unsuitable; but the chief truth to be learned from it all is the fact that every name of everything tends to obscure its wonder. Names, let us remind ourselves, are not explanations; they are only labels. We should be constantly arresting these names, and ordering them to tell us what they truly stand for.

Behind every word in our language is the thing it stands for, and all those things are full of the mystery of life.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Why?

THERE must be something wrong with the subscription lists of the shipping companies. Out of two hundred thousand pounds collected for the lifeboats last year only two thousand came from the shipping companies. Out of nineteen hundred British shipping firms sixteen hundred contributed nothing.

It seems rather odd that the shipping companies should forget the lifeboats. We wonder why.

The Grateful Traveller

THE Prime Minister has been interesting himself in Wesley's chapel. It reminds us of a story that has not been told.

A traveller visiting Europe—rich enough to tour the world—called one day to see the pulpit from which John Wesley used to preach. He looked round the great chapel in which the voice of the founder of Methodism was heard. He was evidently impressed by the associations of this famous place, and he spoke to an official.

"I am very glad to see this place," he said; "it is very interesting to me. My grandfather came here, my father came here; it is a sacred memory. I should like to do something for you. Will you please accept this?"

And then, bidding Wesley Chapel good morning, the traveller left behind—a shilling!

It is wonderful how cheap Christianity is.

Stronger than Fire and Death

IN the warm spring days of that most wonderful of years, 1921, a traveller, walking into the forest which lies at the eastern gate of London, saw some blackened trees.

A fire had been raging, and, instead of seeing the white blossoms of the hawthorn, the traveller saw only the black branches and leaves, seeming to be dead. "That is a picture of death," said the traveller sadly, as he looked away to trees teeming with blossoms.

On a cold November afternoon of that same year the traveller was passing the same way again. The day was closing, and all things seemed a little drab, though the leaves were not all fallen. "What a change from the spring days!" said the traveller.

"Where are all the blossoms now?" Even while he spoke he looked at the tree which had seemed lifeless in the spring, and to his joy he saw it crowned with flowers as sweet as any spring had brought. "This is a picture of Life," he said.

So it is with nations and with men. Though the fires may burn them, and death seems to have conquered, there is a hidden life which will break out at last. Always Life is stronger than Death.

The hour which follows belongs not to you.

A King to His Army

THAT was an admirable rebuke to his army by the King of Spain, who declared that the army must range itself beside the king and help to save the country. The military men, said the King, must cease to interfere in politics.

We agree; we think the military men should cease to interfere in anything at all.

Tip-Cat

THE Ministry of Health, we are assured, is not called the Ministry of Health for nothing. We know that every time we put our hand in our pocket.

LITTLE WILLIE has taken to the violin. He always was a fiddling thing.

A LADY novelist has come home after living 15 years among cannibals. Good thing they had no literary taste.

LADY ASTOR says President Harding is "almost as enlightened as I am."

We hope she will tell him the few things he does not know.

Too much money is said to make a man fat. In fact, he often becomes a regular swell.

RUSSIA offers to disarm. Then nobody can think it has anything up its sleeve.

THE gentleman who writes that musical selections are

regularly provided in many offices must have been misled by seeing the clerks busy with their scales.

SOMEBODY has invented a machine with which you can hear milk go sour. The milk makes a harsh noise when it turns.

MR. BERNARD SHAW declines to sit in Parliament. He likes sitting on it best.

NOT one man in a thousand, writes an essayist, has the stamp of a gentleman. Tut, tut! Do gentlemen stamp?

Nature Almost Human

"WHAT a fine day!" "What perfect weather!"

We have often said that lately, but do we ever ask ourselves if there are no disadvantages in brilliant sunshine and blue sky? When we hear of fish perishing because the water is too warm for them, and of trains being stopped because the heat expands the rails, we are forced to realise that perfect weather for picnics or cricket matches may bring in its train all sorts of strange consequences we have never thought of.

Wonderful, truly, is Mother Nature, but she is queer enough at times to be almost human!

I Love Brave England So

I LOVE my pretty garden so,
The walls where vines and roses grow,
The borders full of flowers and bees,
The walks, the lawns, the shady trees,
And hedges where the blackbirds nest,
And stones where robins perch and rest.

*Dear God, let not war's cruel hand
Destroy the sweetness of our land.*

I LOVE the hills all bare and steep
Dotted with flocks of nibbling sheep;
And meadows where the great oak boughs
Shelter at noon such lots of cows;
And brooks with willows at the brink

Where horses swish their tails and drink;
And woods with bracken standing high,
And deep green lanes that hide the sky;

I love the fields, all gold with corn,
And larks that sing so high at morn.

*Dear God, let not war's cruel hand
Destroy the beauty of our land.*

I LOVE the village and its tower
That rings to church and booms the hour;
The friendly green where children shout,

With straw-thatched houses all about;
The clanging forge where bellows roar,
And sparks come raining to the floor;

The scarlet mailcart, 'bliged to stop
Each night at Mr. Rimmer's shop;

And people always going by,
And Mr. Morgan's one-horse fly.
I love our village more than all
The towns where mother goes to call.

*Dear God, let not war's cruel hand
Destroy the kindness of our land.*

I LOVE brave England and the story
Of her great fight for truth and glory;

I'm very proud that I belong
To men so good and free and strong.

And when I'm big I mean to take
Some work in life for England's sake,
And strive with might until I die
To keep her banner in the sky.

*Please, God, keep England safe
and true,
And help her live her life for
You. Amen.*

Exceeding All

Long life's a lovely thing to know,
With lovely health and wealth,
forsooth,
And lovely name and fame; but O,
The loveliness of Youth!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

FLYING SENSATION HOPED FOR IS THE HELICOPTER COMING?

Problem the Immortal Leonardo
Worked at Centuries Ago

GUARDED DOORS AT AN AERODROME

Behind guarded doors at Farnborough, in Hampshire, Mr. Louis Brennan, the inventor of the mono-rail, is working hard with a small band of helpers trying to solve a problem that was first tackled with knowledge by Leonardo da Vinci in Italy more than 400 years ago.

This wonder man of the Middle Ages, who was poet, painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, and scientist, turned his thoughts to the conquest of the air, and the type of aircraft favoured by him was the helicopter. He actually tried to construct a machine. Since then, however, many others have attempted to build helicopters, and very little success has been attained, the most notable being the Petroczy helicopter, which kept aloft for a period of an hour, as already described in the C.N.

Alighting on a Roof

A helicopter differs from an aeroplane in that its entire supporting surfaces revolve at a rapid rate, whereas those of an aeroplane remain stationary. The aeroplane has to run forward for a considerable distance before sufficient wind resistance is created to lift it. The horizontally-revolving surfaces of the helicopter lift the machine vertically into the air. While an aeroplane must have a long run after alighting, a helicopter can alight on a small roof.

While the Petroczy machine succeeded in remaining aloft for quite a long period, it was unable to travel in any desired direction horizontally; and with the idea of encouraging inventors to tackle this important problem the British Air Ministry proposed to offer a prize of £50,000 for the machine that would best fulfil the following important conditions:

Rise to a height of 2000 feet under its own power, carrying a pilot and sufficient fuel for one hour's flight.

Hover stationary for half an hour in any wind up to 20 miles an hour.

Descend in a wind of 20 miles an hour, with the engine cut out, without horizontal motion.

Fly horizontally at 60 miles an hour.

Experiments in Secret

Mr. Brennan has been working for the Government in an endeavour to build a successful helicopter, and reports have appeared that his machine has answered all the Air Ministry's requirements. These reports have been vigorously denied, and, meanwhile, experiments continue in secrecy. This much is known, however—that Mr. Brennan seems confident that in a few months' time the world will be amazed.

If his machine proves successful it will more than justify the experiments of the immortal da Vinci, and it will mean a revolution in aerial transport.

FLOWERS BY AEROPLANE Quickening Up the World

It seems almost unbelievable that flowers gathered in Holland in the morning can be on sale in London when we are having lunch. Yet this has just happened, and will become usual, for arrangements have been made by Holland to send Dutch flowers to London every day by aeroplane.

Freshly-cut flowers gathered in Holland in the early morning have actually been in London soon after noon, and now it is proposed that aeroplanes shall bring flowers from the South of France, flying by night and delivering them in London in the early morning.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Mr. Ford, of motor-car fame, estimates his wealth at £200,000,000.

Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress has now been translated into 115 languages.

It is stated that £800 out of every £1000 spent on the construction of ships goes in wages.

Millions Given Away

Mr. Rockefeller has given 35 million pounds for education in America in the last twenty years.

Bees Stop a Tram Service

Settling on the trolley-pole of a tram-car at Maidstone, bees held up the entire service for some time, while a bee-keeper was sent for to take the swarm.

Swimming in Their Clothes

The boys shown in No. 169 of the C.N., passing the test of swimming in their clothes, belonged to the County School at Ashford, Middlesex, not Ashford, Kent.

Freight rates in America have been cut another ten per cent.

Of 35,132 applications for patents last year 297 were received from women.

Cutting down the Army goes on steadily, so a War Office statement about the reduction of cavalry regiments shows.

Eight Days to Bagdad

Letters between London and Bagdad are now delivered by air mail within eight days instead of twenty-one.

Forest Fire in Scotland

A square mile of spruce trees near Brechin, in Forfarshire, caught fire and burned furiously, many people having to flee quickly out of the danger zone.

Police Wireless

Within three months patrol automobiles of the New York Police Department will all be equipped with wireless apparatus. A special wave length is exclusively used for the police department.

MR. FORD IN THE FIRST FORD



Henry Ford, the great American motor-car manufacturer, taking a ride in his very first car with John Burroughs, the famous naturalist and author, who died last year. The story of how Henry Ford made his first motor was told in last week's C.N.

PICTURES FROM THE OCEAN BED

THERE is a man much spoken of in Paris just now; he is an artist who plunged to the bottom of the sea to paint pictures there.

This unique painter, travelling to Tahiti a few years ago, decked himself in a diver's outfit for the first time, and got as deep as sixty feet under the water.

By this time Monsieur Richard is quite used to his queer sort of life. When he has reached the sea bottom he walks about until he finds a site suiting his mood; then his painting tackle is let down at the end of a rope.

The artist's canvas is first covered over with linseed oil, and his colours are prepared so that they do not mix with the water—in fact, though the painter cannot himself remain more than about

half an hour at the bottom of the sea, he often leaves his canvas a day or two among the corals down below, and finds it quite safe when he returns. There are no burglars down there—though Monsieur Richard says there are now and then a few big fishes around which play the part of the inquisitive boys of Paris squares.

It is also announced that a New York artist, Mr. Asa Cassidy, has lately painted a canvas, 25 inches by 42 inches, in a diving bell at the bottom of the quiet waters of the Bahamas. The diving bell had windows through which the artist could see 400 feet in all directions, and he was able to watch fishes swimming around him and paint them in all their wonderful colours.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, ENGLISHMEN? JUST TO REACH THE TOP OF THE WORLD

The Gallant March Up the
Heights of Everest

A GREAT EXPLORATION

Perhaps by the time these words are read a dream of ages will have come true, perhaps the highest point in the world will have been reached, and Everest be conquered.

At the moment of writing our 31 British heroes, General Bruce and his toiling twelve, have already outstripped all records for mountaineering. They are higher by over 2000 feet than mortal creature has ever climbed before, and a little more than 2000 feet farther will carry them to the goal of every adventurous heart's desire. Unconquered Everest is 29,000 feet high; our climbers have, as we write, reached 26,800 feet!

The Excelsior Song

General Bruce's expedition took up the story this spring at the point where it had to be discontinued after the magnificent exertions of the Howard-Bury foray last year. Our hopes now centre in 13 Britons, 60 hillmen, some native porters, and 320 animals, mainly yaks. The natives, young men of the mountains, grew frightened of some of the dizzy upland ways they had to tread, and "struck." Many a pioneer has perished in the wilds from similar desolutions by native bearers, but with an Excelsior song of dauntless determination our party pressed forward, and sufficient natives caught the infection of enthusiasm to go on.

It is like reading Marco Polo of nearly 700 years ago to follow the story of these adventures—the passage of glaciers, the rush at dawn across shifting sands which noontide wind-storms made impassable; the blizzards and the snowstorms, the lottery of the Yaru River crossing, which proved kind and placid, the reception by nuns, the dazzling vision of Shelkar Dzong, a fort built into a mountain face and gleaming white, lustrous, and incredible, so as to justify its name, which means "shining glass."

A Suspicious Lama

Strangest of all the unexpected experiences was the meeting with the Lama of Rongbuk, the priestly head of a monastery three miles up in the snowy mountains. The Tibetans revere this harmless lama, and the great Dalai Lama of Tibet sends a priest each year to worship him. The English party greatly interested and greatly puzzled the lama, and, having the power to aid or thwart, he questioned the members searchingly: What did they want, these Englishmen? What could be their reason for coming to the far Himalayas?

But the climbers assured the priest that their purpose was lawful, a mere pilgrimage on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, to whom it is a sort of religion to visit unknown parts.

Dearer than Rubies

That is a definition for all brave, unselfish Britons on missions such as this. They seek no spoil, no territory, but something dearer to a bold and generous heart. These men aspire to fly a bunting from the topmost turret of the world, to unfurl the British flag on the icy summit of Mount Everest, earth's pinnacle nearest heaven. No one will be a penny the richer for their victory, many will be poorer; but the prize is dearer than rubies and fine gold.

We know what such an indescribable triumph represents, but a holy lama will never guess the thrill of it. It is not for him to understand that men like these hazard their lives to win a noble pride and write a page of knowledge to gratify an ambition which is a continuance of all the ungrudging endeavour that has brought mankind out of ignorance to knowledge and power.

A QUEEN OF LONG AGO

Her Life Pictured in Stone

DISCOVERY ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE

How a young queen of Egypt lived nearly 4000 years ago is revealed to us by the sculpture on a huge coffin found by American excavators at Thebes.

They show her, with hair bobbed after the fashion of today, sitting in her palace, while a maid behind her chair fans her in the heat of the day, and her little dog crouches under the chair.

She is seen at table with all the delicacies of the season before her, on her farm drinking milk fresh from the cow, in her dressing-room choosing perfumes which her attendant hands to her in boxes.

Some 400 years after this young Queen Aashait's funeral, thieves broke into her tomb and rifled her coffin of its gold ornaments and precious stones. That was 3600 years ago! Not since then has the tomb been opened. Only the clear, dry desert air has kept its contents from crumbling into dust.

On the coffin-lid is a wonderfully painted almanac, showing the planets and stars with the times of their rising. In the New York Metropolitan Museum people will soon be gazing at these reminders of a civilisation, not unlike our own, which long ago was swept away.

THE OLD PIANOS

What is to be Done With Them?

BONFIRE ON MALVERN HILLS?

What happens to worn-out pianos? Many householders find them a very great nuisance.

They are not saleable except at rubbish prices. They are too large to put in the dustbin. They take up a lot of room. It is torture to try to play upon them.

Piano manufacturers find them a great hindrance to their business. Many parents think they are "good enough for the children to practise on," and will not buy a modern instrument so long as they have an ancient one.

At a meeting of the Federation of British Musical Industries the proposal was made that manufacturers should offer to buy up these old pianos and make a huge bonfire of them. A Birmingham piano-maker suggested taking them up to the top of the highest hill at Malvern and letting the blaze be seen for many miles around.

Not only did they prevent the sale of new pianos, but they injured the musical taste of boys and girls, he maintained. "Rubbishy, tinkling, discordant old bundles," he called them.

TRACK OF A DINOSAUR

A Good Idea

The footprints of a dinosaur, one of the extinct monsters that used to roam the earth before man came, were recently uncovered on the banks of a river near Holyoke in Massachusetts, and it was decided to preserve the creature's track in the place where it was found.

Then the business men of Holyoke had an excellent idea, which they put into practice through their chamber of commerce. They erected near the track a large notice-board stating that "On the stone slabs below will be found the tracks of the dinosaur, a mammoth animal of the prehistoric age." An interesting description of the dinosaur and its probable habits, in popular language, was also given.

It is a good idea that might be extended to other interesting sites.

OUR LITTLE FRIENDS

THE BIRDS

JESSIE AT SCHOOL

How Robin Redbreast Slept All Night on the Mantelpiece

MR. TIT'S BRIGHT IDEA

From C.N. Readers

The girls of an Oxfordshire school write to say "We think our Jessie deserves a place in the C.N." Jessie is the tame school pigeon.

She does deserve honourable mention, but we can only summarise briefly her alluring ways.

Nearly two years ago she joined them when they were playing tennis, made friends, and soon began to eat crumbs from their hands. When she followed them into the house they felt it was time to give her a name. So, as they were doubtful about her sex, they made the safe choice of Jessie, which could be used either way.

In all the school doings she takes a suitable part. At prayers she is as quiet as a mouse. She attends the meals, and prefers to sleep in the dormitory; settles on heads and shoulders, and nestles in the girls' laps. When she becomes cross she can be soothed into a good temper by stroking her back.

If she wishes to come into the school-room and the windows are closed, she enters by the ventilator.

As she has now laid eggs, the spelling of her name has been changed to Jessie.

"If you do not do what she wants you to do she will peck you, but when she is happy she puts her beak all over your hand and gets into the crooks of your fingers. We have more birds besides Jessie, but most of us like her best."

Now Jessie has had her fair turn in the record of our trustful dumb friends.

Tit Hauls Up a Nut

A Croydon reader asks us to note the interest and amusement that may come from making tits welcome even in town gardens.

Daddy (she says) threads the kernels of nuts like beads, and hangs them from a small branch, the nearest nut being about six inches down.

With their keen eyesight they soon find them, and then try clinging to the string and pecking at the nuts. But presently a bright idea will strike Mr. Tit, and he will haul up the nuts to the branch, placing each piece of slack string under his claw till the topmost nut reaches him.

We have seen him begin to haul up the nuts with Mrs. Tit clinging to them till she became alarmed and flew off.

Robin Asks for Bread and Butter

A Warwickshire reader sends the following observations bearing on the question: Do robins migrate? He is quite sure his do not.

During the last six years I have quite tamed three different robins, securing them in the late spring in each case.

With each I have lived in close intimacy. They came at my call and settled on my hand to feed quite familiarly.

The first remained till the autumn of the year following. The second remained till the following spring, when she went off and did not return. The third has been with me for two years, and is within a foot of me now as I write. He is quite delightful. Not only will he come to my hand, but will feed on the hand of a complete stranger if I put crumbs on it and stand by.

A few mornings ago he came to my dining-room in a very excited state to

tell me, as plainly as a bird could, of great happenings in his little home, about fifty yards away, on a neighbour's premises. He tried to make me understand he would now want five or six times as much food as before, and, moreover, food of a different kind.

Looking round for what might be suitable, he made a dive at the butter, so I concluded bread and butter would do, and made a suitable pellet for him. It appeared the very thing, and away he flew to the nest, and was back again immediately till all had been fed.

Friendly Robins Come to Tea

We wonder how many of our readers have tried patiently to cultivate the friendship of robins. Here is a Scottish lady's experience.

Quite a number of robins come about the garden, and two, at least, seldom leave it. Both these robins have become so tame that they fly into the house at any time of day or night, by window or door, hopping about our living room and perching on the chairs and tables, often chirping and singing.

On stormy winter evenings one robin often refuses to be coaxed out of the house. One very wild night this small visitor settled himself on the mantelpiece of my bedroom beside a small lamp that was burning all night, and there slept till morning. On rising I opened the window, and out he flew.

In the summer months we spend much time on a verandah, having our meals there, and there the robins join us every day, becoming tame enough to eat from our hands, perch on our hats, and hop on our shoes.

They are jealous of intruders, and it is interesting to see how ably a perky little robin can hold his own against far larger birds.

Pussy in the Pram

A Suffolk reader gives a curious instance of the friendliness that may exist between domestic animals.

We have a cat, Jelly, and four bantams who are on the friendliest terms. One of the bantams, Polly, usually lays her eggs in the disused top of a pram in the wood-shed.

Jelly, looking for a place in which to have her kittens, decided on Polly's nest in the pram, and next morning there she was with four nice kittens.

After breakfast we went again to see how the kittens were getting on, and there was Jelly in the nest with her kittens, and alongside her was Polly, and there she laid her usual egg. The attitude of Jelly to her feathered friend was quite affectionate.

Sophy's Bantam

A Bournemouth reader sends us an account of a pigeon's nesting adventures.

At first Sophy laid eggs which did not hatch out, so a bantam's egg was placed under her, and a young bantam arrived.

The feeding of the bantam caused Sophy much anxiety, and she made many attempts to feed the baby as pigeons are fed, but the bantam was independent and persisted in pecking its own grain like other chickens. For weeks he was followed about persistently by his devoted foster-mother, until he grew so pugnacious that he had to be banished to the chicken run.

Eventually Sophy and Rollo, a newly-arrived pigeon, set up house together, started a nest, and each took turns in sitting on the eggs. A couple of days before they were due to hatch out Sophy disappeared, but Rollo sat on. Not till night on the second day did she reappear and resume her duties.

The young hatched out next day, and several families have been reared since.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

SCHOOLMASTER'S CLEVER SON

A Bold Thinker and Fighter for Knowledge

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

June 25. John Horne Tooke born, Westminster 1736
26. Pizarro assassinated at Lima 1541
27. Battle of Dettingen 1743
28. Henry VIII born at Greenwich 1491
29. Huxley died at Eastbourne 1895
30. Tower Bridge opened 1891
July 1. Federation of Canada 1867

Thomas Henry Huxley, who died on June 29, 1895, at the age of 70, was one of the foremost men of science who fought the battle for the acceptance of



Professor Huxley

knowledge that could be proved against those who would blindly hold fast to beliefs that could be proved untrue.

Not that all his opinions were true, or that all he opposed was untrue—far from it. He stood for open-minded, fearless inquiry, and he was a fierce fighter of all who would shut the gates of knowledge against mankind.

Unhappily, many people who did not stop to understand science thought it was opposed to religion, and they misrepresented science. Huxley, who was naturally combative, attacked them hotly, and as he was one of the clearest and most vigorous writers of the English tongue his opponents were often badly mauled.

That conflict is now over, for intelligent and educated people know that there is no opposition between religion and science, but that both seek to arrive at the goal of truth. Science includes religion in its field of study, and, except among the ignorant, religion does not try to block the way of science. But there was much strife before this state of things was reached, and Professor Huxley was in the thick of it, and liked to be there.

A Doctor at Twenty-One

Apart from his war against all who seemed afraid of knowledge, he did fine work in extending the range of knowledge itself. He was the son of a schoolmaster, but educated himself by reading privately. At the age of 21 he was a qualified doctor, and, entering the Navy, became surgeon of the Rattlesnake, sent on a surveying voyage to Australia. While at sea he studied the life that exists in the waters so well that by the time he was 25 he had been elected a member of the Royal Society.

Leaving the Navy he was appointed lecturer at the School of Mines and the naturalist of the Geological Survey.

As years went on he became one of the most honoured men of science in Europe. He was an original investigator, a bold thinker, and a populariser of knowledge; and he was extremely active in public work, particularly on commissions that called for scientific knowledge.

The Value of the Bible

As one of the first members of the London School Board he had great influence in the direction of making school work bear on the practical aspects of life, and he astonished many of his opponents by eloquently advocating the reading of the Bible in schools, as the groundwork of religion, which, in turn, is the groundwork of right conduct.

The powerful mind of Professor Huxley was unflinchingly honest, and he did fine work; but he was not as happy as he might have been if he had had a wider faith and been more gentle in breaking up what he did not believe in. He had a giant's strength in controversy, and used it like a giant. But he was a builder-up, a true apostle of knowledge.

ENGLISH OAK IN DANGER

Myriads of Pests Destroying the Leaves A LITTLE CATERPILLAR THAT DOES GREAT DAMAGE

By Our Country Correspondent

In many of the southern counties there is a plague of caterpillars, which are stripping the oak trees of their foliage.

The caterpillar that is such a pest just now is the larva of the oak-leaf roller moth, and it has suddenly appeared in great numbers in the oak woods in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, and Essex, where hundreds of trees have been stripped bare.

Every few years this creature appears in vast numbers, no one can say why, and it does serious damage to oaks, for the removal of their foliage in this wholesale way retards the growth of the shoots and injures or ruins the acorn crop.

The caterpillars—about half an inch long when full-grown—are at first greenish-grey in colour, turning later a dull green, with black head and tail patch. They come from eggs so small as not to be discernible on the leaf buds or boughs where they were laid in the previous summer or autumn.

All the winter the eggs remained there, and only hatched out in myriads when the leaves were opening.

They get their name from the fact that they roll up the tip of the leaf and spin it together into a kind of cylinder, inside which they change into the chrysalis form. If alarmed the little caterpillars let themselves fall seven or eight feet on a silken thread, and as they sway about in the wind they are often nipped up by the birds.

The birds are their natural enemies, and the only real antidote to the pest. During a terrible plague of oak-leaf rollers in Ireland in 1881 it was only the timely assistance of rooks and black-headed sea-gulls that saved any of the trees in a large area of King's County.

The best artificial treatment of trees affected in a small area is to drench them with a wash made of soft-soap, but Professor Lefroy, of the Imperial College of Science, suggests that, as one cannot clear a whole forest by spraying, owing to its size, it would be wise to use aeroplanes and drop a powdered insecticide on the trees. Many acres could be treated in a very short time.

Professor Lefroy says there is scarcely a healthy oak tree to be seen in Richmond Park owing to the pest.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 10 p.m., summer time, on June 28

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What is B.A. Wool? Wool imported from Buenos Aires.

Who are the Doukhobors? A sect of Russians with anti-militarist views living in various settlements in Canada.

What does Rummaging a Ship mean? When a ship is unloading it is rummaged, or searched, by Customs officers for dutiable and prohibited articles. On loading the vessel is re-rummaged.

HALL OF KNOWLEDGE

To Make Men Understand the World We Live In FINE NEW PALACE FOR AMERICA

With the intention of making knowledge about the earth and the universe more attractive to people generally the American National Academy of Sciences is building a splendid Temple of Nature Study in Washington, at a cost of half a million pounds.

Here it will be possible to look through a wonderful telescope at the spots on the sun and to see their movements reflected on a huge white table.

Here the movement of the earth through space will be illustrated by means of a big, swinging pendulum, of which the top will always point in the same direction, while the arc of its movement will alter continually.

There will be collections of bacteria, both harmful and beneficial; plants which, through microscopes, can be seen to grow; and foul water, with its countless inhabitants, ready to injure anyone who drinks it.

The causes of earthquakes, the working of gravitation, the action of light, and many other matters of the greatest interest and importance will be brought vividly before visitors to these wonderful Halls of Science.

It is magnificent, and it is good business for a nation. Is there no chance of Britain building similar halls?

SHOOTING AT A FIRE

Pistol for Extinguishing Flames

Some fire cannot be put out with water. In the case of burning oil, for instance, water would only spread the fire by causing the flaming oil to float over a greater area.

The best method in fires of this description is to stifle the flames with some such gas as carbon dioxide, which prevents combustion. But the difficulty hitherto has been to find a handy method of applying the gas.

The difficulty has now been overcome by a new device consisting of a pistol so light that a woman can manipulate it. The trigger is pulled and a powder is fired at the blazing area, whereupon the gas is freed, the flames are smothered, and the fire is extinguished. Where a large area is blazing several shots must be fired.

The powder is packed in air-tight cartridges, fitted with percussion caps, and these can be fired not only at horizontal surfaces, but also at vertical surfaces, such as curtains and draperies.

In Germany motor-cars are carrying these pistols, as they are particularly effective in the case of petrol and benzine fires.

AIR BATTLE

A Hawk Gives Up Its Prey

An Isle of Wight reader sends the following graphic account of a scene from the warfare in the air that never ceases.

Walking along a country lane I was startled by the shriek of a bird above me, and, looking up, saw a missel-thrush being chased by a sparrow-hawk.

The hawk, apparently, had dashed along a hedge and frightened the thrush from the tree under which I stood.

Almost instantly the hawk reached the thrush and they were locked together in the air, the thrush uttering cries of pain and fear. The weight of so large a bird bore the hawk downwards, and they came to earth in a ploughed field.

Sorry for the thrush, I rushed through the hedge, and the hawk reluctantly freed its victim. At once the thrush, seeming none the worse, flew as fast as it could into a thick evergreen bush near by, and the hawk, angry at losing its meal, rushed in pursuit so swiftly that it collided blindly with the bush. But the thrush was safe.

I think the hawk must have been driven by hunger to attack so large a bird.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

Why Do Some Eggs Have No Yolk?

An egg without a yolk is incomplete, and is due to an unhealthy or unnatural condition in the bird which lays it.

Why Does a Daisy Shut Up at Night?

Many day-blooming flowers do this to protect the delicate interior from the harmful damps and chills of night.

Can Insects Hear?

Perhaps we should not say that they hear; they feel the vibrations in the air which cause sound, and are equipped with highly sensitive organs for this purpose.

How Soon After the Nesting Season May Ivy on a Cottage be Disturbed?

When the last batch of nestlings has flown, that is the time to trim the ivy for the year. That is best for the birds, and the best time for the ivy also.

Why are White Eggs Laid in Dark Places?

The rule has exceptions, but generally eggs deposited in dark places are white because they are more easily seen by the parent birds than dark-coloured eggs.

Is Sugar Good for Canaries?

A piece of loaf sugar placed between the bars of the cage is good for a canary, a pleasant addition to diet, and a whetstone to keep its beak in sound condition.

How do Frogs Breathe at the Bottom of Ponds in Winter?

In a state of hibernation frogs cease to breathe, and if they obtain any oxygen at all it must be derived, through the skin, from the mud in which they lie.

Do Monkeys Dream?

Probably all organised animals dream. They have a mind like ours, though infinitely inferior, and when they sleep the unconscious mind, always wakeful, comes into play and provides dreams.

Why do Some Cats Have Different Coloured Eyes?

The peculiarity is the inherited legacy from similarly distinguished ancestors, in whom it would begin like an unexplained "sport" in flowers. Some dogs have the same freakish colouring.

What is the Right Colour of a Canary, Green or Yellow?

The wild canary of Madeira, the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, is olive-green and greenish-yellow in colour. The yellow varieties have been evolved by long and careful selection in captivity.

Why do Dogs Nearly Always Trot?

Their steps when walking are too short to carry them fast or far. The running action is effected without much effort, whereas the gallop, a pace always in reserve, is too exhausting to be continued for long.

Why Do Ducks Die in Thunderstorms?

They do not. Accident, an unlooked-for incident of a storm, may kill some as it occasionally kills other things, but generally ducks and ducklings are as safe and comfortable during a thunderstorm as any living thing.

What do Elvers Feed On and Will They Live in a Jam Jar?

Elvers are young eels and feed on practically any animal and vegetable food that their ponds and ditches provide. It would be cruel to confine them in jam jars. Every home has larger receptacles than these.

Why Does a Yucca Die After Flowering?

The life cycle of such a growth is completed when it has flowered and formed seeds from which new life will arise. Trees and animals die, too, at various ages; a mother eel dies after laying her eggs, but ten million little elvers may succeed her.

What are the Spangles on Oak Leaves?

They are caused by a cynips, or gall-fly, which lays its eggs on the back of the oak leaf, and the irritation of the leaf causes the spangle to form. Some interesting particulars of this and many other familiar sights of the country are given in the C.N. monthly—My Magazine—for July, now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

THE MOON AT HER NEAREST

HOW TO SEE THE LUNAR CRATERS

Astronomy With a Pair of Field Glasses

WHAT THE MAN IN THE MOON REALLY IS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Moon will be an interesting sight next week. On Tuesday she will be near Venus as a slender crescent, and the two will form a beautiful spectacle in the sunset glow.

The Moon will appear at her largest to us on Thursday, because she is then at her nearest—at perigee, as astronomers say—only 224,000 miles away. Now, she is sometimes, when at apogee, 250,000 miles off, and this variation makes an appreciable difference in her apparent size. This, therefore, is a favourable opportunity for examining the Moon.

Field-glasses or a small telescope will show the craters and mountains quite distinctly, but it is important to steady the glasses by resting them against something so that the Moon appears perfectly still; then a few minutes' steady watching, while the eye adapts itself to the light, will be rewarded with a surprising wealth of detail.

The Sun Rises on the Moon

The part on which to concentrate attention is the inner edge of the crescent. This portion, called the terminator, represents the part of the Moon on which the Sun is rising; consequently the mountains and craters cast long shadows, which throw up into strong relief the lunar scenery. Periodically the tops of long ranges of mountains are lit up, and long, dark valleys appear partly to sever them from the Moon.

Such projections of light can regularly be seen, even by the naked eye, almost in the centre of the crescent, and so strongly suggesting a nose that for ages it has been customary to show the profile of a face in the crescent Moon. The position of the darker areas, the so-called seas, helps the illusion by supplying the eye and mouth.

Oval Ring of Light

This resemblance to a face is most evident when the Moon is four, five, and six days old—as it will be, respectively, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next.

Very little magnification with glasses dispels the illusion. On Friday a mountainous mass that projects between the Mare Tranquillitatis, or the Sea of Tranquillity, and the Mare Nectaris, or Sea of Nectar, to the south of it, will be quite obvious almost midway between the two cusps on the inside curve of the crescent. If looked at about the right time, when the Sun is rising on the mountains, it will be seen to project from the general curve of the crescent and to the naked eye resemble a nose.

Between this mountainous projection and the northern cusp will be seen the large crater Posidonius, almost fifty miles across, near the edge of the terminator, when it appears as an oval ring of light with a dark centre.

A Mighty Crater

Almost midway between the projecting mountains and the southern cusp is another sharply-defined crater, Fracastorius. This marks the southern point of the Sea of Nectar, whose shaded indentation to the north of Fracastorius suggests a mouth for the imaginary face.

By Saturday another lofty mountain mass will project, this time somewhat above the centre of the inner curve of the crescent. This is part of a lofty isthmus between the Seas of Tranquillity and Serenity, a sort of Panama between two former seas.

Above this projection, near the northern cusp, may be seen the great crater Aristoteles, with a smaller crater below it. Before the Sun has lit up its lava floor its rampart of mountains will appear as a ring of light.

G. F. M.

MEN OF THE MIST

The Exciting Adventures of Two Boys Among the Indians Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 42 The Black Gap

AT Bart's order all five loosened the straps of their packs and dropped them. Next moment there came from the trees to their left a yell so hideous that it sent shivers down the spines of Clem and Billy.

"They've seen us," said Bart. "How many are there, Jock?"

"Not more than a dozen, I guess," answered Jock Scarlett. "It's enough," growled Bart. "Now, see here. I don't want to shoot unless we have to. But if they come too close there'll be nothing else for it. Now follow me and look slippery."

Dodging out of the clump of timber in which for the moment they had sheltered, Bart began to run for the next. It was surprising what a pace he set, and the boys had all they could do to keep up with him. The Indians saw them, and yelled again.

"Sounds like the Zoo at feeding-time," panted Billy as he raced along beside Clem.

Clem glanced back. "They're after our packs," he said. "That gives us a chance." "Jolly lucky for us," responded Billy, and he was right.

The Indians, fourteen all told, flung themselves on the packs like hungry wolves, and it was not until they had gathered up every single thing Bart's party had left that they again took up the chase. But when they did start to run they came like the wind, and gained rapidly.

There was one more clump of trees between Bart's party and the cliffs, and the Indians were not a hundred yards behind them when they gained it.

Suddenly there was a faint hissing sound. An arrow rang on a stone within a yard of Clem and shot off at a sharp angle. Another thudded upon a tree-trunk and stuck there, quivering.

"Guess I'll have to stop this," snapped Bart, and, snatching his shot gun from Ahkim, who was crouching behind him, he thrust in two cartridges and let fly.

Shrieks announced that the charge had reached its target.

"That'll learn 'em!" growled Bart. "No, I've not killed any—just tickled 'em up a piece."

Dropping to the ground, the Indians lay flat among the tufts of coarse grass and seemed to vanish like so many rabbits. Bart glanced through the trees toward the cliffs, which rose stern and forbidding some four or five hundred yards away. Billy saw the look.

"Not much help for us there, Clem," he whispered. "Only a squirrel could climb those rocks." "They do look pretty steep," allowed Clem, "but Bart must know some way up!"

"And while we climb the Indians will pick us off with their beastly arrows," said Billy, scowling.

Just then Bart turned to them. "You boys slip along to the far side of the clump," he said. "Wait there till I join ye."

Clem hesitated. He hated leaving Bart like this. "Get, I tell ye," said Bart, and this time there was no disobeying.

There was a pause of perhaps two minutes, then two loud bangs, and next moment Bart, Jock, Ahkim, and Passuk came running hard.

"Follow me!" Bart ordered as he reached the boys, then all six were racing together across the open.

From behind them came the savage war-cry of the Kaloots, which echoed hideously back from the towering walls of broken rock fronting them. Then arrows began to whizz again. Clem and Billy heard them strike the ground close behind with quick thuds. They ran with the rest, but both, Billy especially, were feeling pretty hopeless.

For even if they did reach the cliff ahead of the Indians, what was the good? True, they might turn to bay among the scattered boulders at the base, but they had no food or water—nothing but their rifles.

Suddenly the air was rent by another and much louder yell, and Clem, glancing back, saw a sight which filled him with horror.

"There are a lot more Indians," he panted, as he raced alongside Bart—"twenty at least. They're coming up from the left."

Without stopping an instant, Bart looked round.

Clem was right. Here was a fresh party of Kaloots, and twice as strong as the first, all running at full speed in a desperate effort to cut off the white men before they reached the cliffs.

"Run!" roared Bart. "Run as ye never ran in your lives. Make for that Black Gap. If ye can reach it before the redskins ye're safe."

CHAPTER 43 In the Mist

THE boys spurred for all they were worth. Their hearts thumped, their legs felt like lead, but they kept well up with Bart. Billy stumbled, and Jock Scarlett, who was nearest, caught and steadied him.

Now they could see the point for which Bart was making—the Black Gap as he called it, and that was just what it was—a cleft so narrow as to be invisible at anything more than a couple of hundred yards.

But that last two hundred yards was a nightmare, and how they kept going neither Clem nor Billy ever knew. It was only the knowledge that a terrible end awaited them if they failed that kept them on their feet. They ran with their eyes glued upon the spot.

"Fifty yards more!" Clem heard Bart mutter thickly. "Keep up, boys. You're doing fine."

The cleft seemed to widen. It opened out so that Clem could see a passage running deep into the cliffs.

Again an arrow hissed past and splintered on the cliff face. Clem felt Bart seize him by the arm; then he was suddenly in deep gloom, and, as Bart let go, he stumbled and collapsed flat on the hard ground. Not for all the Indians in Alaska could he have run another yard.

"Look out, Bart!" cried Jock Scarlett. "They'll be on us in a tick."

"I guess not," replied Bart drily, "but if they try it I'm ready for 'em."

"Why shouldn't they try it?" demanded Jock.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there came rumbling down the gorge a roar like that of an explosion. It was so heavy that it made the solid ground quiver. It was followed by a tremendously loud shrieking whistle, which lasted for several seconds, and that by another roar not so loud as the first.

"That's why," replied Bart, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"But what does it mean? I don't understand," said Jock.

"You'll understand when you've walked a bit farther up this gorge," Bart told him.

Bart was still breathing hard, but he and Jock had stood the run better than the boys, who were still lying panting on the ground.

Presently Clem managed to sit up. The first thing he realised was that all sight of the Indians and of the open country across which they had come was shut off. This was because the gorge did not cut straight into the cliff but at a sharp angle. The next was that though the actual opening was narrow the part which they had reached was as wide as a broad street.

Then he saw a third thing—that down the gorge was stealing a thick

mist, rolling in soft grey folds, like the vapour from a giant kettle. The roaring noise had stopped, but there was a curious gurgling in the distance. This he thought was like water running out of a great bath, and he could not imagine what caused it.

Jock was standing facing the entrance of the gorge, his rifle ready in his hands, but as Clem watched he turned to Bart.

"You're right, Bart," he said, in a puzzled voice. "Not one of the Indians has shown up. I suppose they think the place is haunted?"

"Something of that sort, I reckon," agreed Bart, with a twinkle in his eyes. "And they ain't so far wrong either, as mebbe you'll see before you're much older."

Billy, who by this time had got his wind back, struggled to his feet.

"Come on, Bart, let's go and see. What sort of ghosts are they?"

Bart laughed outright. "I thought curiosity would cure ye, Billy. What about it, Clem? You ready to march?"

"I'm ready," announced Clem. "All I want is a drink of water. My throat's like leather."

"Ye won't have long to wait before ye get water and everything else ye want," replied Bart comfortingly. "Now step lively. We've got to get past her before she blows again."

"What in the world does he mean?" asked Billy of Clem as they started on again.

"I've no more idea than you, Billy, and it's no use asking Bart. But I suppose we shall see soon."

Billy was so eager to solve the mystery that he hurried on at a great pace, giving Clem all he could do to keep up.

For wild magnificence the gorge beat everything they had seen yet. The cliffs were of a strange black rock and towered to a terrific height on either side. They were fissured and seamed with deep cracks, and not even a blade of grass grew on their splintered sides.

As they went onward the gorge widened a little, then, rounding a curve, it opened out suddenly into a good-sized circular space.

In the centre of this was a round basin about fifty yards across, and its appearance was so strange that both the boys pulled up short and stared at it in amazement. The rock of which it was made was white as snow at the bottom, and above that banded yellow, red, and brown.

In the middle of the basin was a small black hole. The great basin was soaking wet, yet there was no water in it, but over all still hung a soft cloud of thin mist.

CHAPTER 44 The Watch Dog

BILLY swung round on Bart. "What is it?" he demanded eagerly.

Bart glanced at the big gun-metal watch which he carried in his trouser pocket.

"She'll tell you herself inside of ten minutes. But I reckon we'd best be the other side of her before she begins to talk."

The boys were simply bursting with curiosity as they hurried across the circular space. Beyond it the gorge ran onward into the heart of the hills.

"Guess we can stop now," said Bart, as they came to a spot three hundred paces beyond the basin. He looked at his watch again.

"She's due in just two minutes," he remarked.

"What's due?" begged Billy, but Bart only grinned.

Jock chuckled, too, and it was clear that he understood. But even Billy could not persuade him to speak. Billy was getting quite cross when suddenly a deep rumbling sound from the basin made him jump.

"Now watch her," said Bart.

The rumbling grew to a roar, the same roar that they had heard before, but now, as they were so much nearer, far louder than before. The ground trembled as if with an earthquake, and suddenly from the hole in the centre of the basin up rose a vast spout like a giant fountain.

Up and up it soared to a height of nearly a hundred and fifty feet, and with it rose great clouds of steam and vapour. Then, when it had reached its greatest height, the huge spout curved over and fell thundering back into the basin from which it had risen.

Clem gave a shout. "I know what it is—it's a geyser!"

"That's what the books call it, son," agreed Bart. "But we call him Old Watchdog."

"Why?" questioned Billy.

"Because he guards the pass. There's no other way into the Valley of the Mist unless ye pass the Watchdog. And unless ye knows just when he's a-going off it's apt to be mighty awkward for ye."

"I should think it would be," cried Billy. "Why, you'd be boiled alive!"

"How often does it go off?" asked Clem.

"Every thirty-five minutes to the tick," replied Bart.

The eruption ceased while he spoke, leaving the basin brimming and bubbling like a cauldron. Then the sucking sound began again, and the boiling water drained away into the hole through which it had risen.

Jock, who had been watching in silence, spoke.

"I don't wonder the Indians are scared of that," he remarked. "Look at Ahkim and Passuk."

The two had fallen flat, their faces pressed against the ground. They were so badly scared that it took Bart some minutes to persuade them to get up again; even then they were shaking all over and could hardly stand.

"Lucky they haven't much to carry," remarked Jock. "They wouldn't get far with it."

"They wouldn't need to," replied Bart. "We haven't got above two miles to go."

"What!" cried Billy in wild excitement. "Are we there?"

"Mighty near it," replied Bart, with the old twinkle in his eyes. "Half an hour's march, and then I reckon to show ye something ye'd hardly expect to see up here in the mountains. But you two boys keep right along behind me. It ain't reckoned healthy for strangers to go running loose among the People o' the Mist."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

A Narrow Escape

THE wagon, drawn by four oxen, toiled painfully over the dull, bare plain.

It was the rear wagon; and the throats of the two boys, Jack and Frank Westley, who sat inside, were dry and parched with the dust.

The party were trekking northwards. Gold had been discovered somewhere up by the great Blue Mountains that seemed so near, and Jack's and Frank's father and mother had decided to go in search of the yellow metal.

"What do you say if we get out and walk a bit?" asked Jack. "My legs are quite stiff. We might come across some water."

"Is there none in the jar?"

"Not a drop!"

"Well, let's get out—quietly, or we'll be sent back. Father is always afraid we'll get lost."

"No fear of that on this plain. We could see the wagons miles away."

"Let's take a gun each in case we get a shot at a deer."

Night was falling, but the two knew they would not be missed until it was time to make camp for the night, and by that time they could easily overtake the wagons.

"Good job for us there aren't any lions about," observed Frank.

"The lions are miles away. I don't think there are any really wild animals—I mean fierce ones—in this part of Africa. This place is as safe as Oxford Street in London."

"Oxford Street isn't always safe," laughed Frank.

As he spoke a low, rumbling sound came to their ears. Startled, they gazed in the direction of the sound. To their astonishment it appeared as if the plain behind them was heaving and tossing like the sea.

"Great Scott!" cried Jack. "It's a herd of buffaloes! They've stampeded!"

The next instant the two boys were fleeing for dear life.

A few low-lying rocks to the left looked as if they might offer some protection. The ground shook with the trampling of the frenzied animals. Frank, who was behind, dropped his gun, tripped over the stock, and fell headlong into a deep gully at the base of the rocks.

As he fell the sharp crack of Jack's gun rang out.

The next instant he found himself at the bottom of the gully unhurt; but before he could get to his feet the body of an enormous buffalo crashed down beside him.

"I got him just as he was going to toss you," said Jack five minutes later, when Frank had scrambled out and rejoined him. "The rest of the herd went round the gully. Lucky for you they didn't all fall in on top of you."

"It seems to me," laughed Frank, as the two boys hurried forward to overtake the wagons, "that, after all, I prefer Oxford Street for safety."

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To Be Merry Best Becomes Us



Dr. MERRYMAN

ENGLISHMAN (in a Berlin bank):
"How many marks can you give me for this sovereign?"
Bank Manager (to his staff):
"You had better go home now. This gentleman has bought the bank."

What Is This?

JUST two-thirds of ten and one-third of eleven
My first and my second contain:
For my third you must take four parts of the seven
Composing a grammar. Then plain
To your view you will find that my whole is displayed,
Denoting a message that is quickly conveyed.

Answer next week

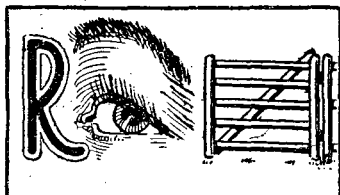
WHY should a dunce study the letter P before going in for an examination?

Because it makes an ass pass.

Old Enough to Know Better

THERE was an old woman of Bude
Whose manners were simple and crude;
She put out her tongue
At the old and the young,
For she hadn't been told that was rude.

Do You Live Here?



What town does this picture represent?
Answer next week

WHICH has the busiest life, tea or coffee?

Tea, because it is compelled to draw, while coffee is allowed to settle down.

A Swarm of BBB

A SWARM of fat, lazy young BBB
Set out to disturb the sweet PPP.
When U asked them "Y?"
With a wink of the I
They said, "Oh, we're quite at our
EEE!"

I said, "If you harm those dear PPP,
Or continue the sweet things to TTT,

Then the first little B
That I happen to C
Shall be banished straight over the
CCC!"

The Baby and the Bottle

AN advertisement for a new kind of infant's feeding-bottle read thus:
When a baby has done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled.

An Insect Dandy



CRIED the Brownie: "Good gracious alive!
To look awfully smart you contrive,
Quite, in fact, up to date."
Quoth the grub, "Just you wait
Till my butterfly garments arrive!"

WHEN does a boy cease to be a boy?
When he turns into a lane.

Peter's Poser

PETER thought he could catch his sister Elsie with a problem he had heard.

"In a square room," he said,
"there was a cat in each corner, a cat sitting opposite to each cat, a cat looking at each cat, and a cat sitting on each cat's tail. How many cats were there?"

After thinking this over for a minute Elsie was able to say how many cats were in the room.

Do you know how many there were?
Solution next week

Good Advice

BEFORE you speak an angry word, count ten;
Then if still you angry be, count ten again.

EARL HAIG says the flower of the country must not go to seed. It must suc-ceed.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Wisdom of Winnie

Be not cross either before tea or after tea.

How Old Are They?

Jack is 24 and Gerald is 15

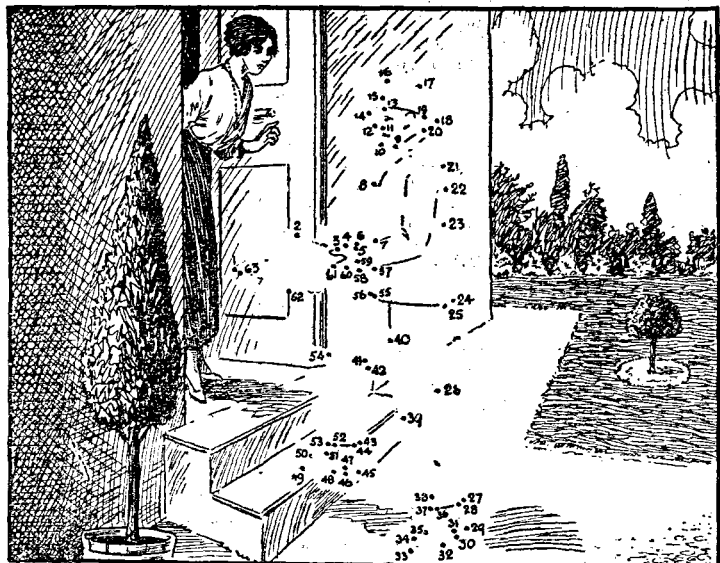
What Are They Doing?

The girl is bowling a hoop and the boy is playing cricket.

Who Was He?

The Scholar and Gentleman was Joseph Addison.

Puzzles That Answer Themselves



Draw a line from dot number one in order to dot number 63, and you will see who the visitor is

Jacko Feels the Heat

FOR an energetic person like Belinda the heat was very trying. Jacko told her it was because she rushed about so much and got excited.

"Keep cool, Belinda," he said, "like me."

And then he stepped back and fell plop! into a great pan of cold water.

That made him a bit cooler still. But he didn't seem to mind. It put an idea into his head.

Not far from the new house was the river. And very inviting it looked when Jacko strolled off to have what he called a squint at it.

He pulled off his wet things, spread them out to dry, and took a header.

He had quite a good swim, and then went back to Belinda's, feeling as hungry as a hunter.

"Is dinner ready?" he inquired.

"Dinner!" cried Belinda. "Why, you've only just had breakfast! Where have you been?"

"In the water," said Jacko. "I wish I'd got a boat."

"That's what I said to Joe this morning," said Belinda. "It's silly not to get a row sometimes when the river's so close."

"Why don't you make him take you?" said Jacko.

"He won't," said Belinda. "He says he's too busy."

"I'll take you!" cried Jacko. "Give me a good slice of that pie and I'll get you a boat!"

He had no idea where he was to find it, but for once fortune favoured him. The neatest little dinghy was at that very



Over went the boat, and in went Belinda

moment lying by the water's edge. And there Jacko found it when he ran down.

There was nobody around, so, after hanging about for a few minutes, Jacko decided to borrow it, and ask permission afterwards.

He ran back to fetch Belinda, helped her in, and pushed off.

All went well until Belinda thought of her favourite spot by the willows.

Jacko thought they were very jolly where they were, in the middle of the stream. But Belinda longed for the shade; and after a fierce argument Jacko dashed his oars into the water and swung the boat round.

He did it a bit savagely, and the little dinghy quivered.

"Do be careful," warned Belinda, "or you'll upset the boat!"

Another savage dig with the oar, and he had upset it.

Splash! Over went the boat, and in went Belinda!

Luckily for them both, Belinda's screams brought the owner flying to the rescue.

He got Belinda out in a twinkling, and he was so concerned over the fate of his boat that he had no time to waste on Jacko. When he remembered him, and looked round, the young rascal was half a mile away.

Tales Before Bedtime

Portraits

NORA was playing with her doll one day—pretending that Selina was a great lady who had come to have her portrait painted—when Ethel, the maid, came in with a message.

"Your mamma says you are to make yourself tidy and come down at once into the drawing-room," she said.

Nora's happy little face grew as long as a fiddle. The moment she had been dreading for days had come.

It was the doctor! Ethel hadn't said so, but Nora knew it, and, of course, he had come to look at her throat.

Nora's throat had been bothering her for some time. The doctor was to see if an operation was necessary.

It would only be a very simple one, but operation was a terrible word; it frightened Nora.

Not that she would feel any pain; kind old Dr. Goodchild would see to that. It was just the thought of it that was so terrifying.

Just then Selina fell over with a bang on the floor.

Nora hurried to pick her up. "Don't cry! You're not hurt," she said. "There's nothing to make a fuss about."

She always talked to her dolls like that, pretending they were real, alive people like herself.

"You'll never be a heroine like—like Grace Darling, if you mind a tumble."

For the moment she had forgotten the doctor in the drawing-room; but the thought



Nora was playing with her doll

of Grace Darling made it all come back to her. She would never be a heroine if she made a fuss about something that might never happen.

She put Selina back in her chair, hurried upstairs, washed her hands and tidied herself, and ran down into the drawing-room.

As she opened the door and looked in she stopped. It wasn't the doctor after all, but a stranger.

"Come along, Nora," her mother called out. "Come and shake hands. This gentleman makes beautiful pictures, and he is going to paint your portrait."

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1922	1921
London	7821	8064
Glasgow	2290	2542
Manchester	1347	1513
Dublin	929	851
Sheffield	916	917
Belfast	839	859
Edinburgh	601	813
Plymouth	319	373
Rhondda	280	386
Norwich	186	230
Reading	136	159
Gloucester	91	113

The four weeks are up to May 27, 1922

Ici on Parle Français



La lune Le professeur Le tambour

La lune éclaire pendant la nuit
Le professeur punit les paresseux
Le tambour fait beaucoup de bruit



Le cimetière Le moine Le gui

Tout est paisible au cimetière
Le moine se promène dans le cloître
Les enfants s'embrassent sous le gui

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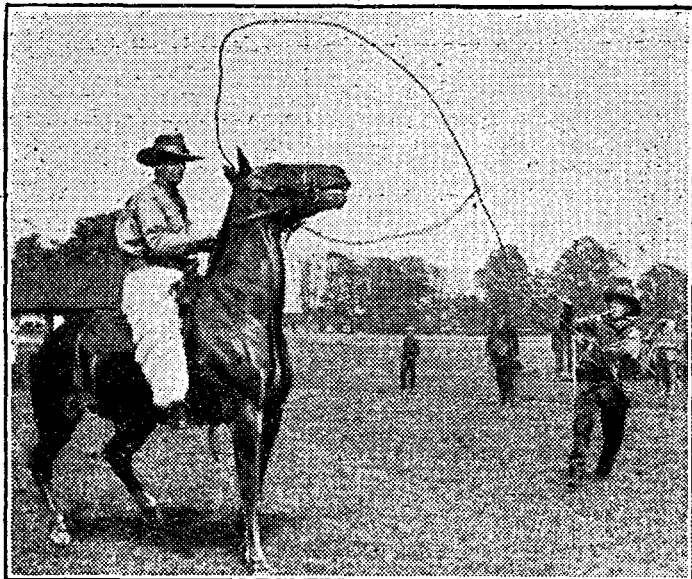
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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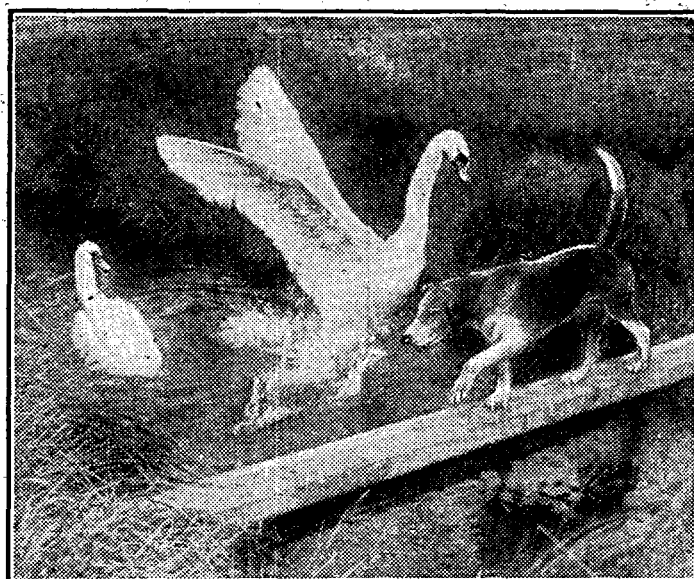
POLICEMAN WITH A LASSOO • SWAN DEFENDS ITS HOME • WIRELESS CANOE



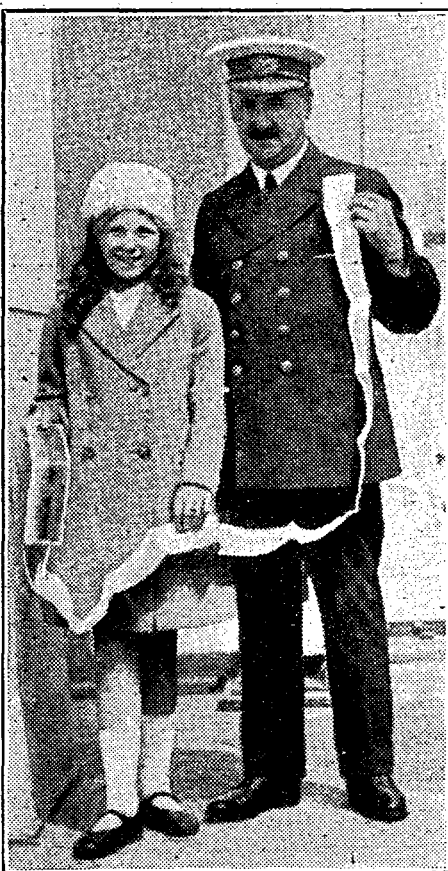
Policeman Throws a Lasso—London's mounted policemen have been practising with the lasso in order to give an exhibition in their display of horsemanship at Ranelagh. Some of them are as skilful as cowboys



A Summer Idyll—In the cool shade of the trees this river girl has found escape from the sun



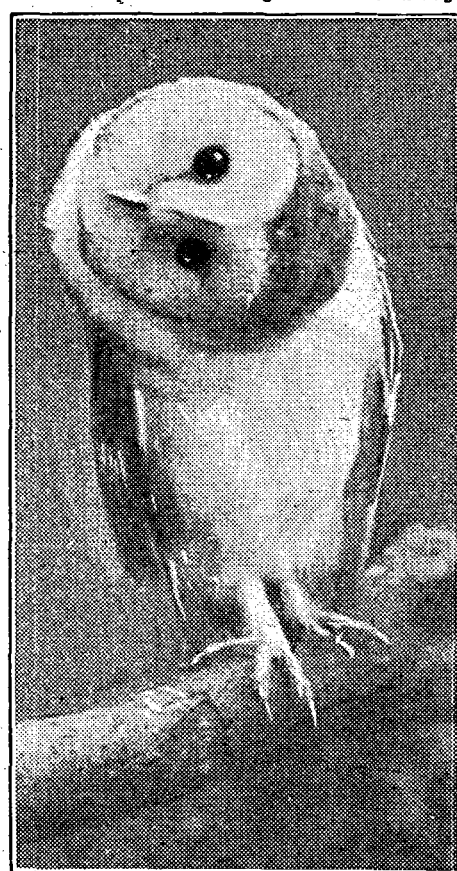
The Swan Defends its Home—This swan, seeing a dog crossing the stream, became very angry, and with outstretched wings prepared to defend its partner. One blow from a swan's wing will disable a dog



Ticket Six Feet Long—The little traveller in the picture, who is leaving Liverpool for America, will journey over 8000 miles, and her railway ticket for 19 towns is over six feet long



London Bears Welcome Their Visitors—The bears at the London Zoo are having a busy time now that the summer crowds have arrived, and not many people can resist the pleading attitude that Bruin assumes when, standing up, he begs for buns



Trying to Look Wise—Now is the time when owls can be heard hooting at night, and this owl, disturbed by some noise, is twisting his head round in his attempt to locate the sound



Girl Guides as Bridge-Builders—Members of a Middlesex troop of Girl Guides who camped at Sevenoaks recently, learning how to build a bridge by means of a model



Wireless on a Canoe—The boys of a Hertfordshire troop of Scouts have fitted out their canoe with a wireless apparatus that enables them to listen-in as they paddle along the river

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